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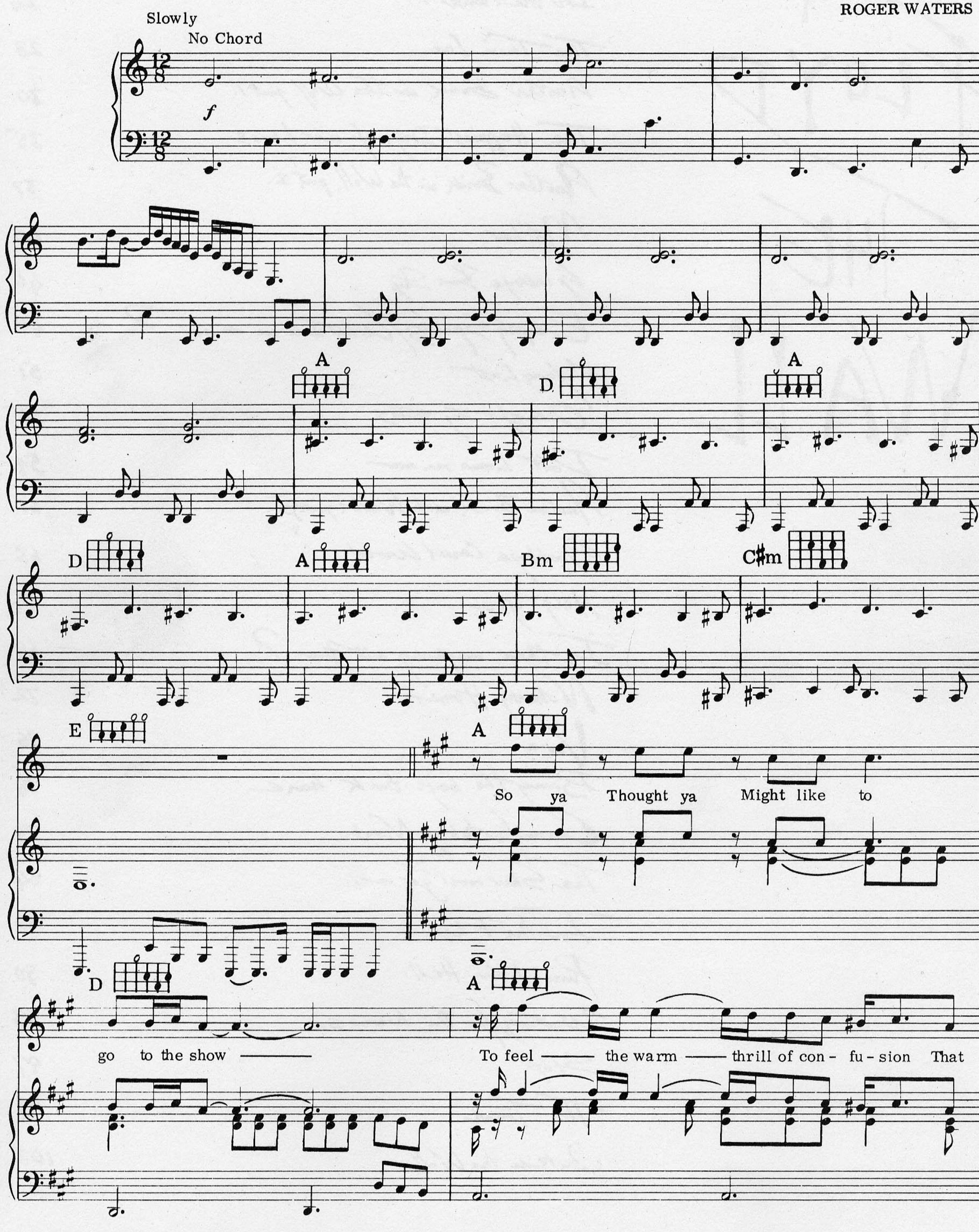
In the Flesh?

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Slowly
No Chord
f
A
D
A
D
A
Bm
C♯m
E
A
So ya Thought ya Might like to
D
A
go to the show ———
To feel ——— the warm ——— thrill of con - fu - sion That

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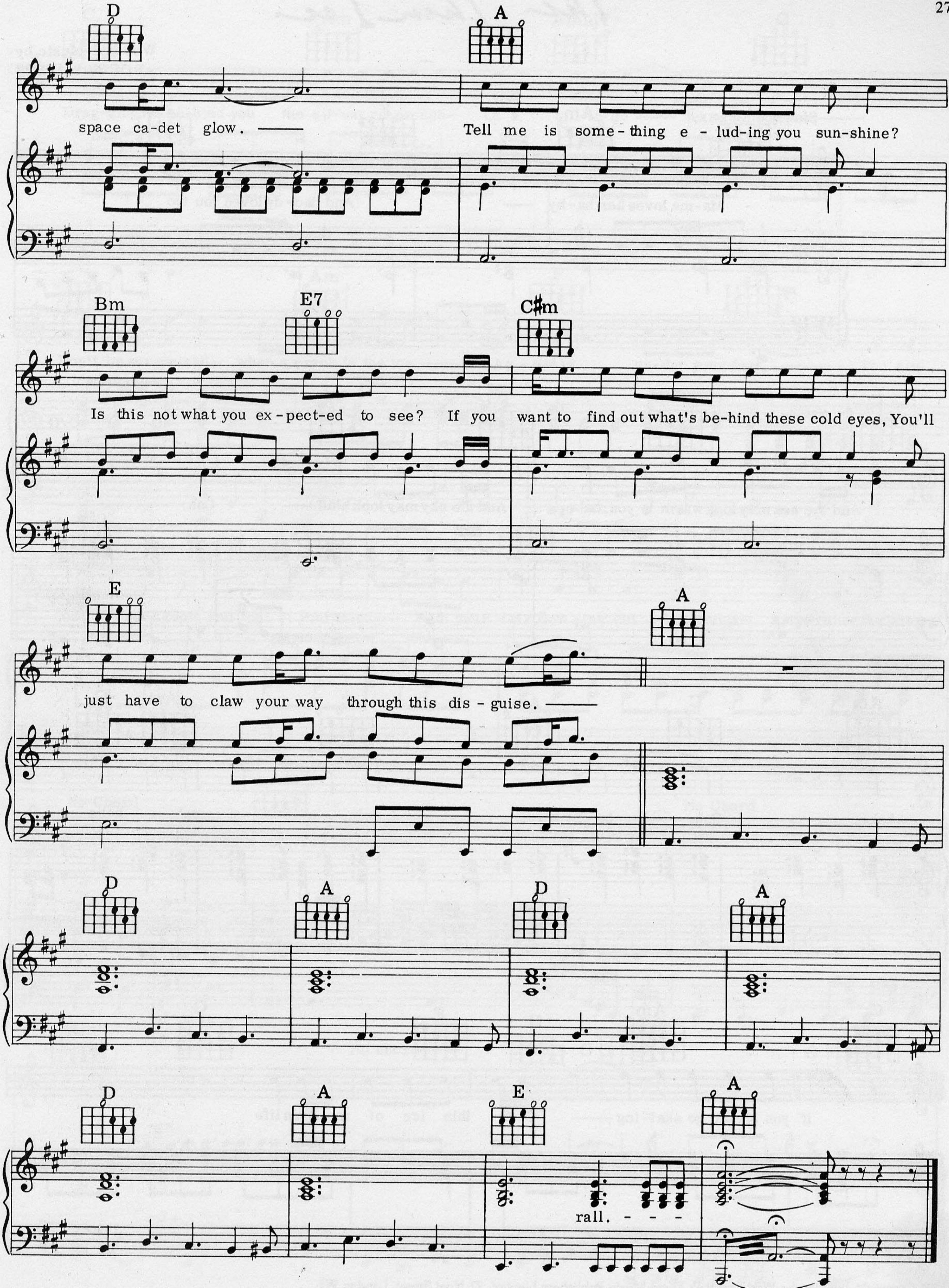
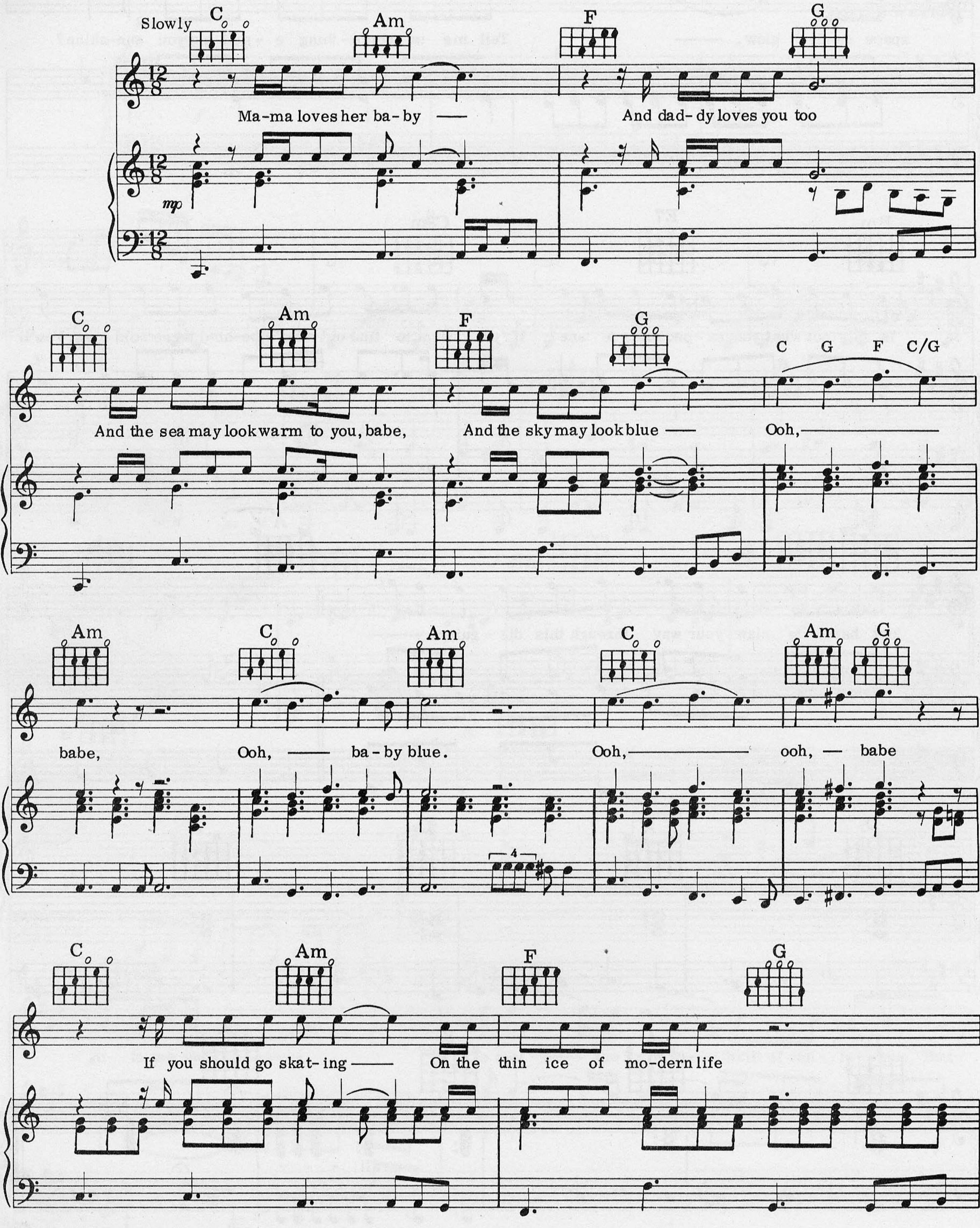

D
A
space ca-det glow.
Tell me is some-thing e-lud-ing you sun-shine?
Bm
E7
C♯m
Is this not what you ex-pect-ed to see? If you want to find out what's be-hind these cold eyes, You'll
E
A
just have to claw your way through this dis-guise.
D
A
D
A
D
A
E
A
rall. - - -

The Thin Ice

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Slowly
C
Am
F
G
mp
Ma-ma loves her ba-by ——
And dad-dy loves you too
C
Am
F
G
C G F C/G
And the sea may look warm to you, babe,
And the sky may look blue ——
Ooh, ——
Am
C
Am
C
Am G
babe,
Ooh, —— ba-by blue.
Ooh, ——
ooh, — babe
4
C
Am
F
G
If you should go skat-ing ——
On the thin ice of mo-dern life

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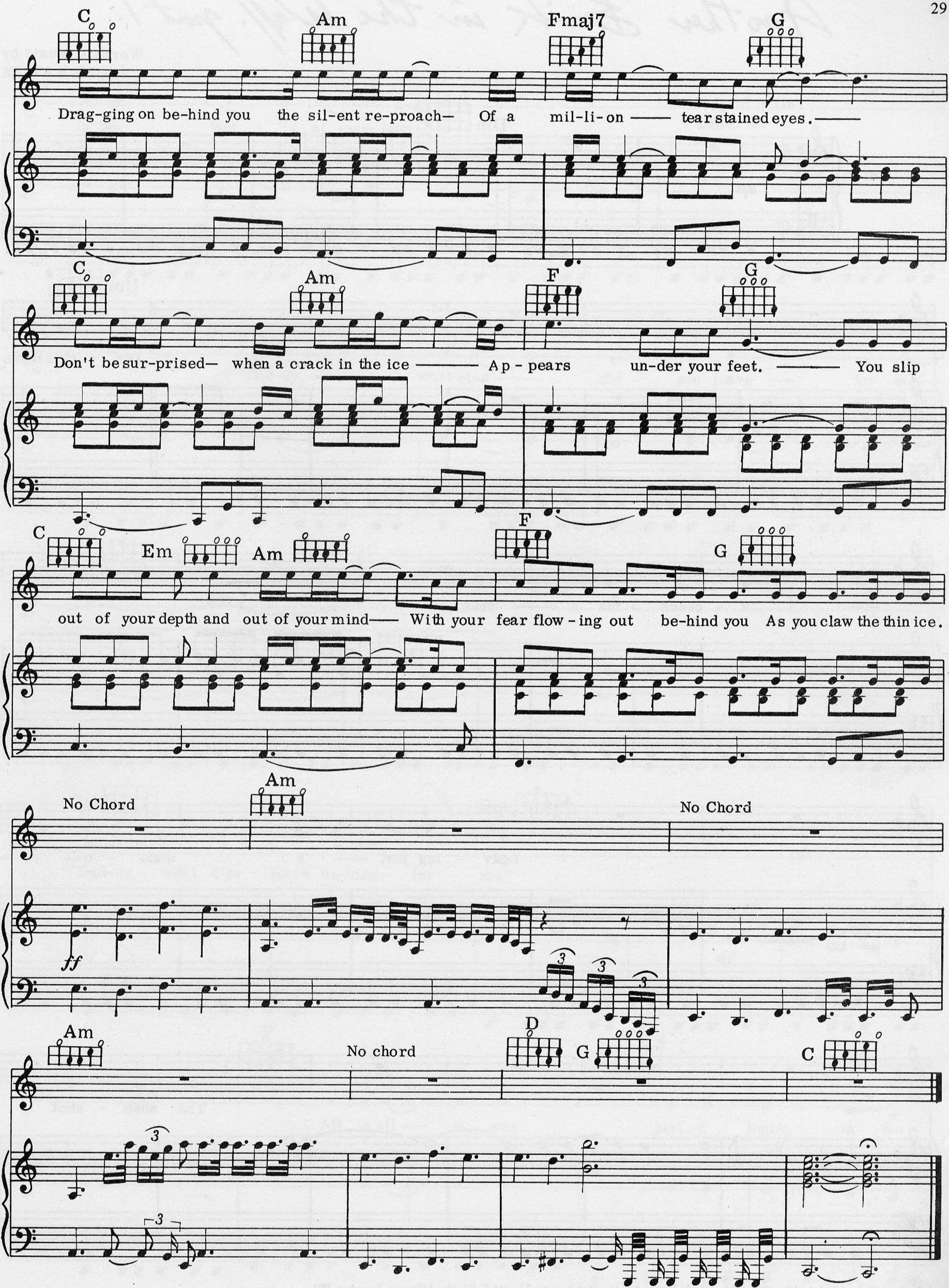
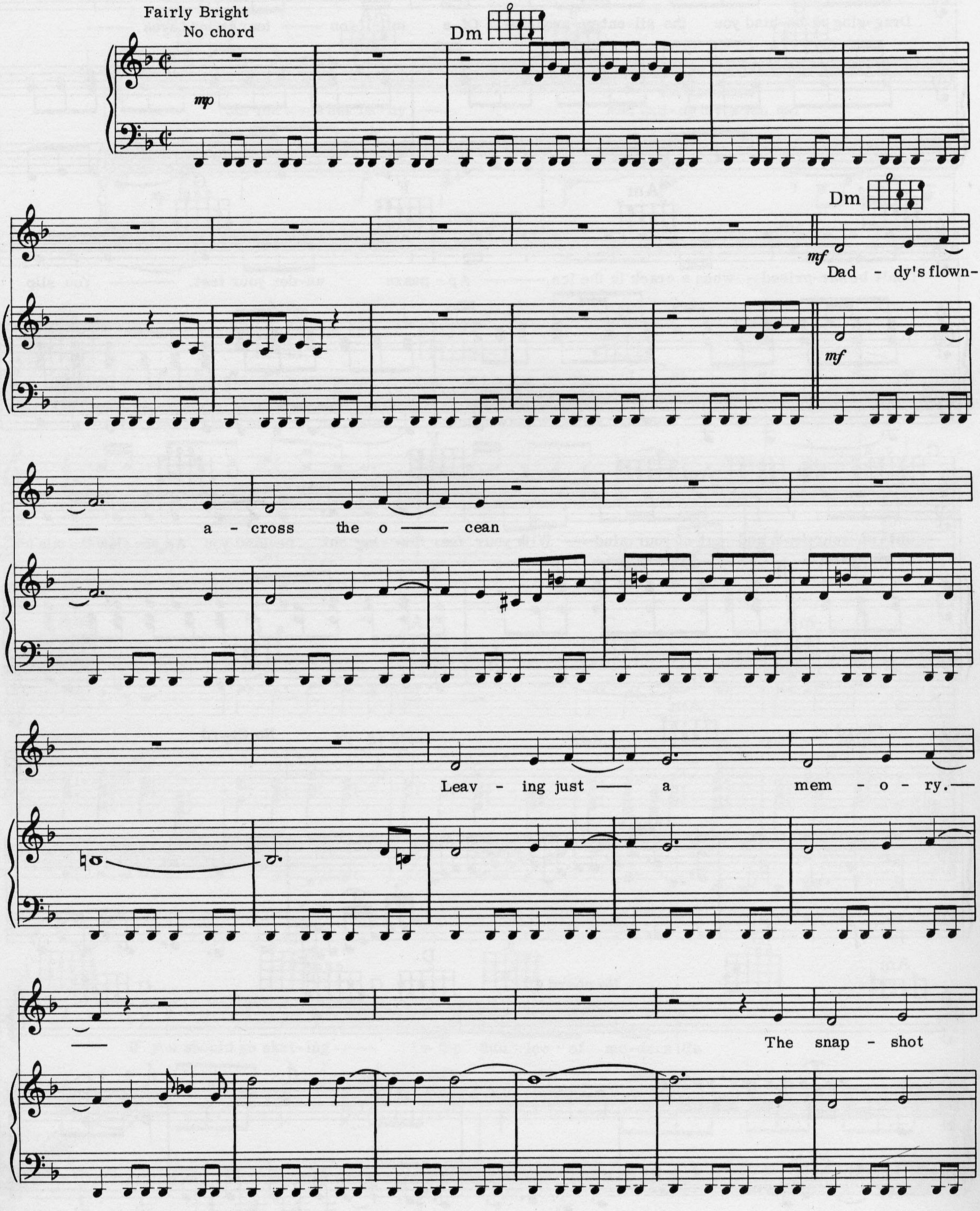

C
Am
Fmaj7
G
Drag-ging on be-hind you the sil-ent re-proach— Of a mil-li-on —— tear stained eyes. ——
C
Am
F
G
Don't be sur-prised— when a crack in the ice —— Ap-pears un-der your feet. —— You slip
C
Em
Am
F
G
out of your depth and out of your mind— With your fear flow-ing out be-hind you As you claw the thin ice.
No Chord
Am
No Chord
ff
Am
No chord
D
G
C

Another Brick in the Wall. part 1.

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Fairly Bright
No chord
mp
Dm
Dm
mf
Dad - dy's flown-
— a - cross the o — cean
Leav - ing just — a mem - o - ry. —
— The snap - shot

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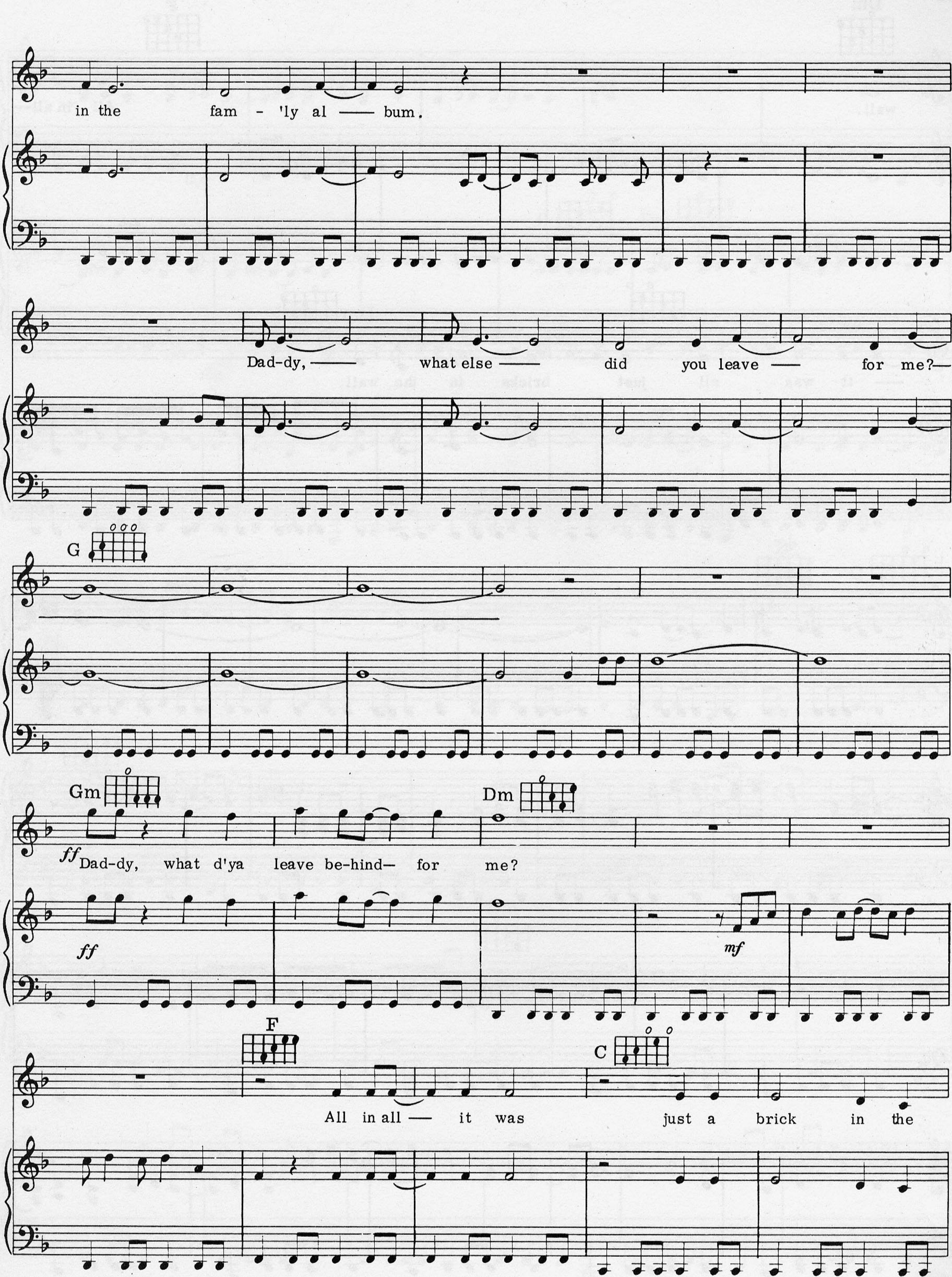
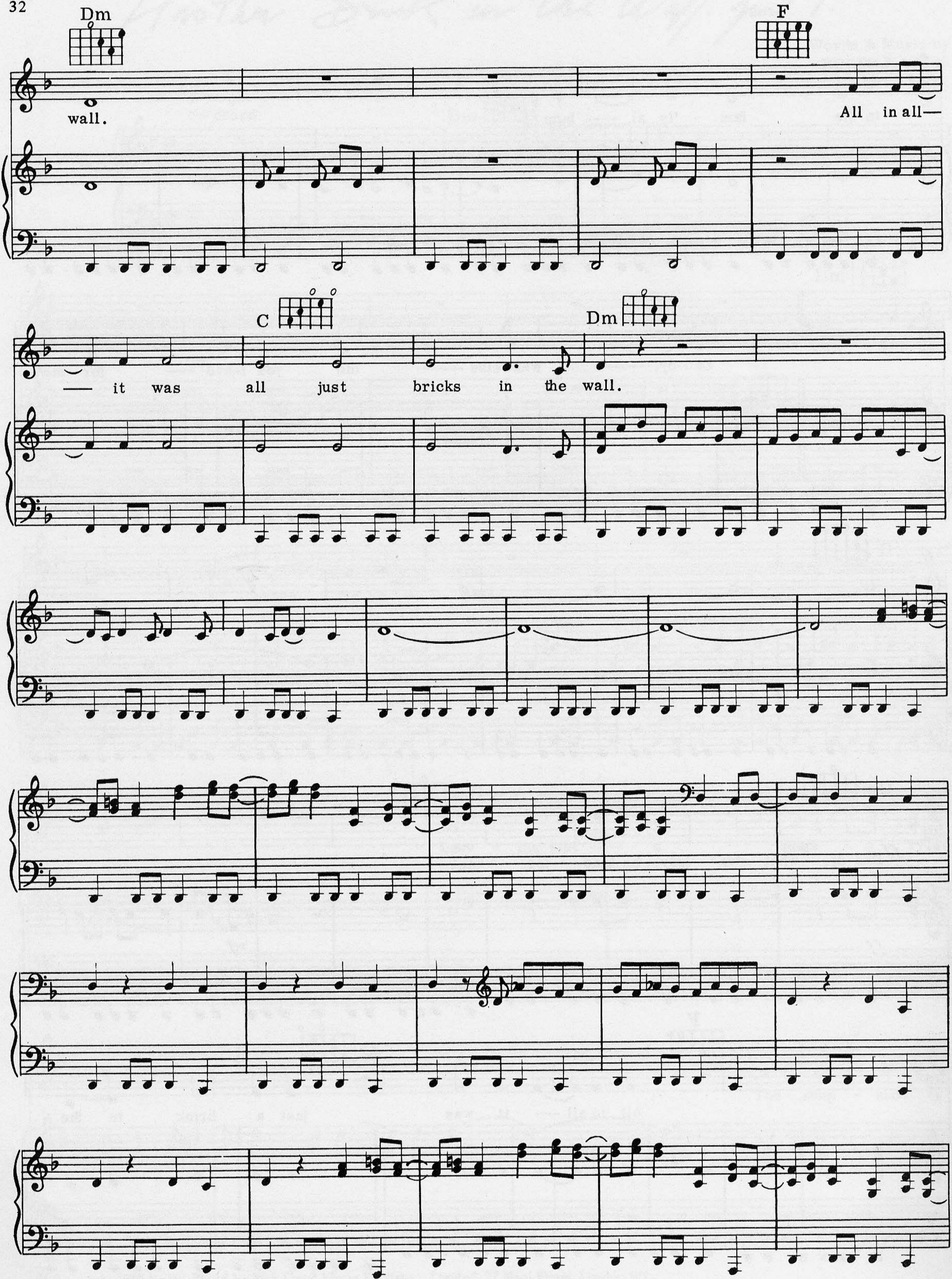
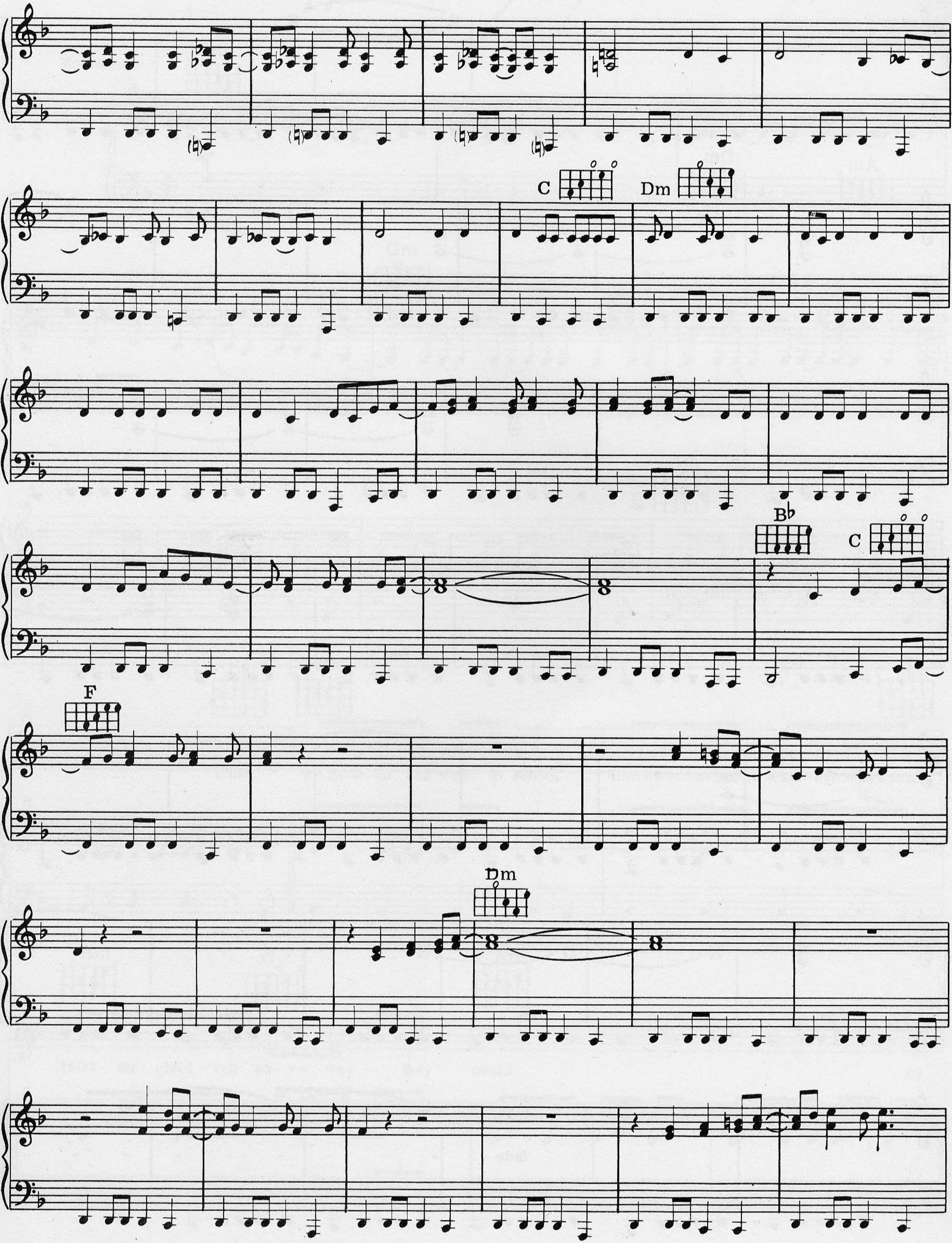
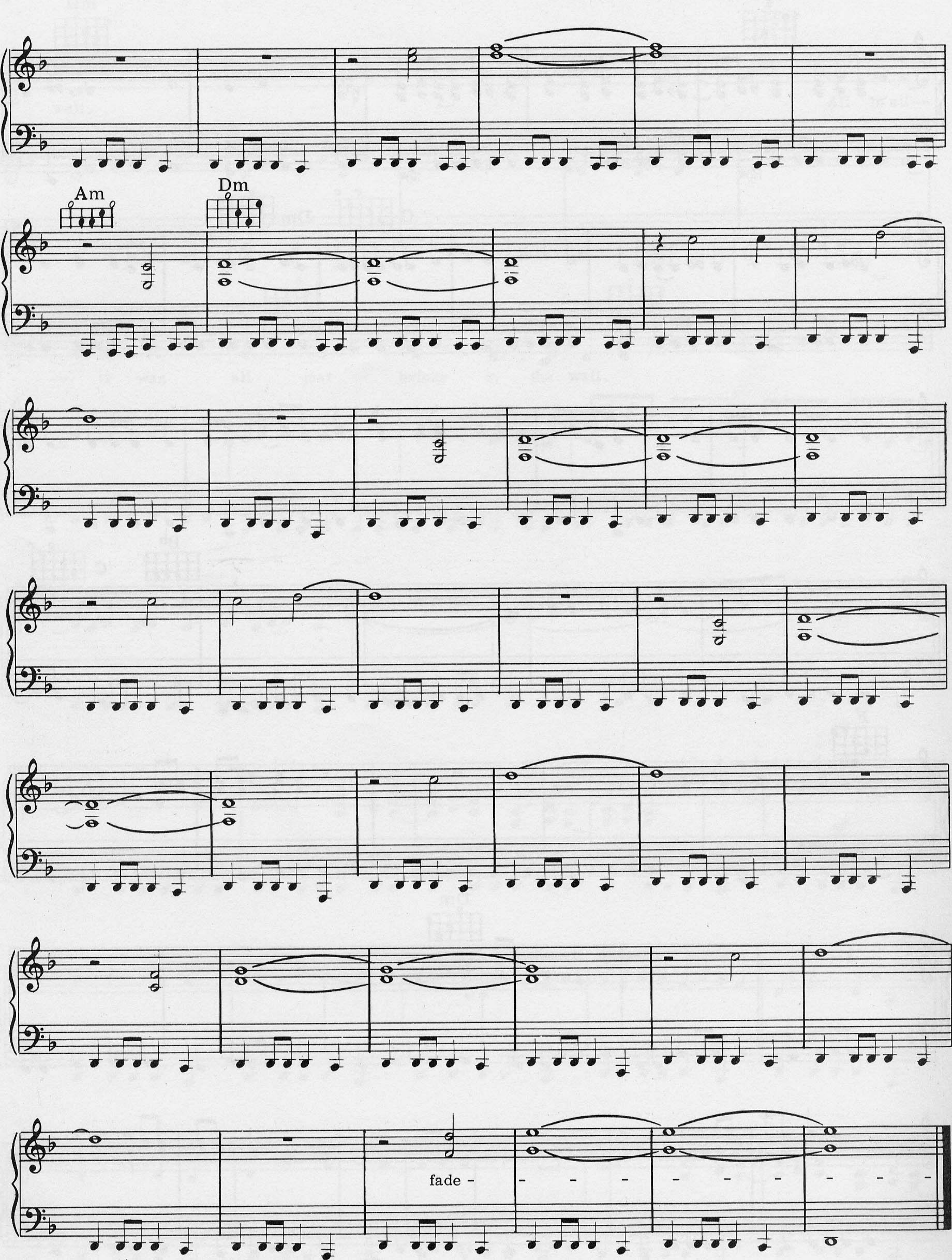

in the fam - 'ly al — bum.
Dad-dy, — what else — did you leave — for me? —
G
Gm
ff
Dad-dy, what d'ya leave be-hind— for me?
Dm
mf
F
All in all — it was
C
just a brick in the


Dm
F
wall.
All in all—
C
Dm
— it was all just bricks in the wall.

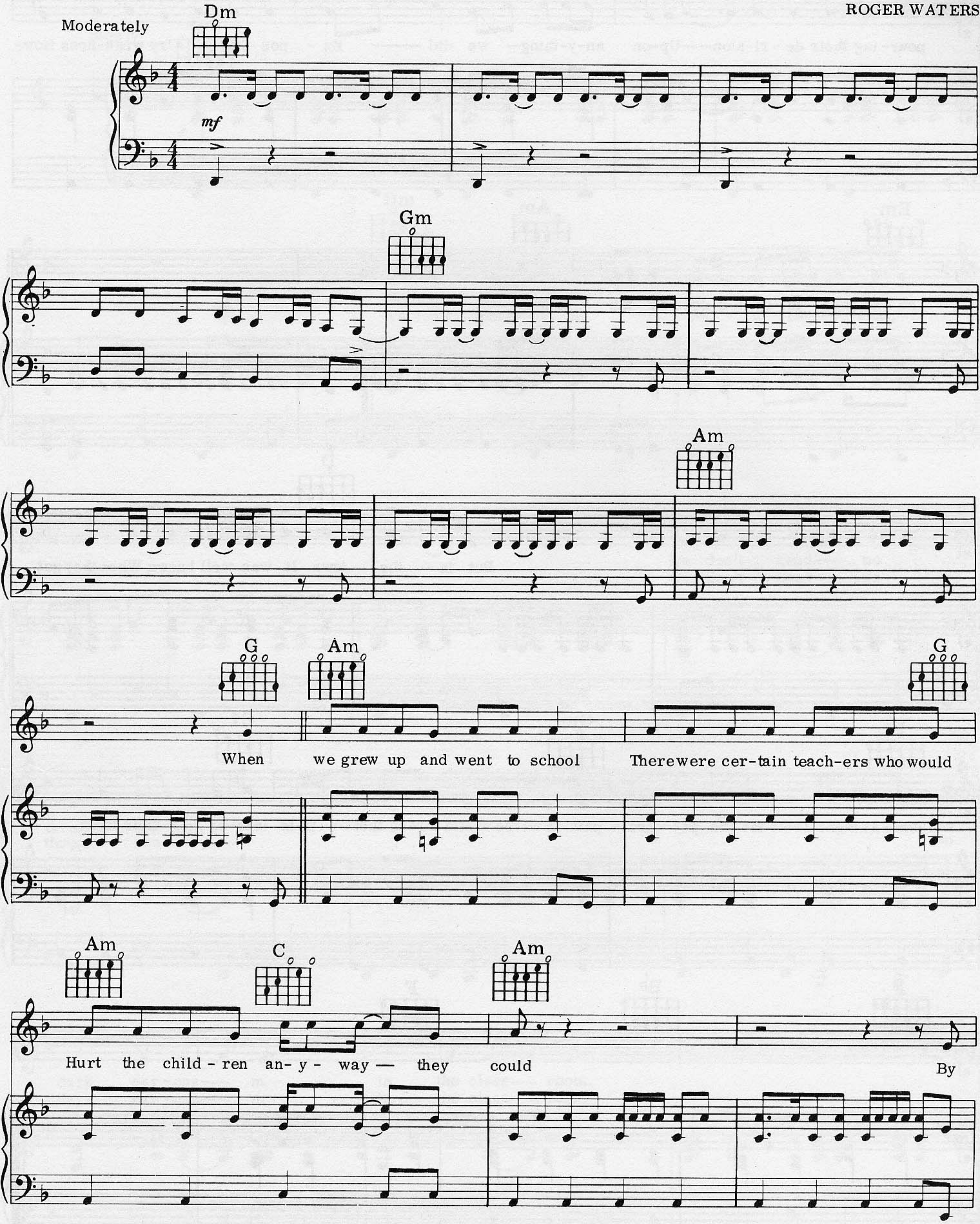
The Happiest Days of our Lives




Am
Dm
fade - - - - - - - - - -

The Happiest Days of our Lives

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Moderately
Dm
mf
Gm
Am
G
Am
When we grew up and went to school
G
There were cer-tain teach-ers who would
Am
C
Am
Hurt the child-ren an-y-way— they could
By

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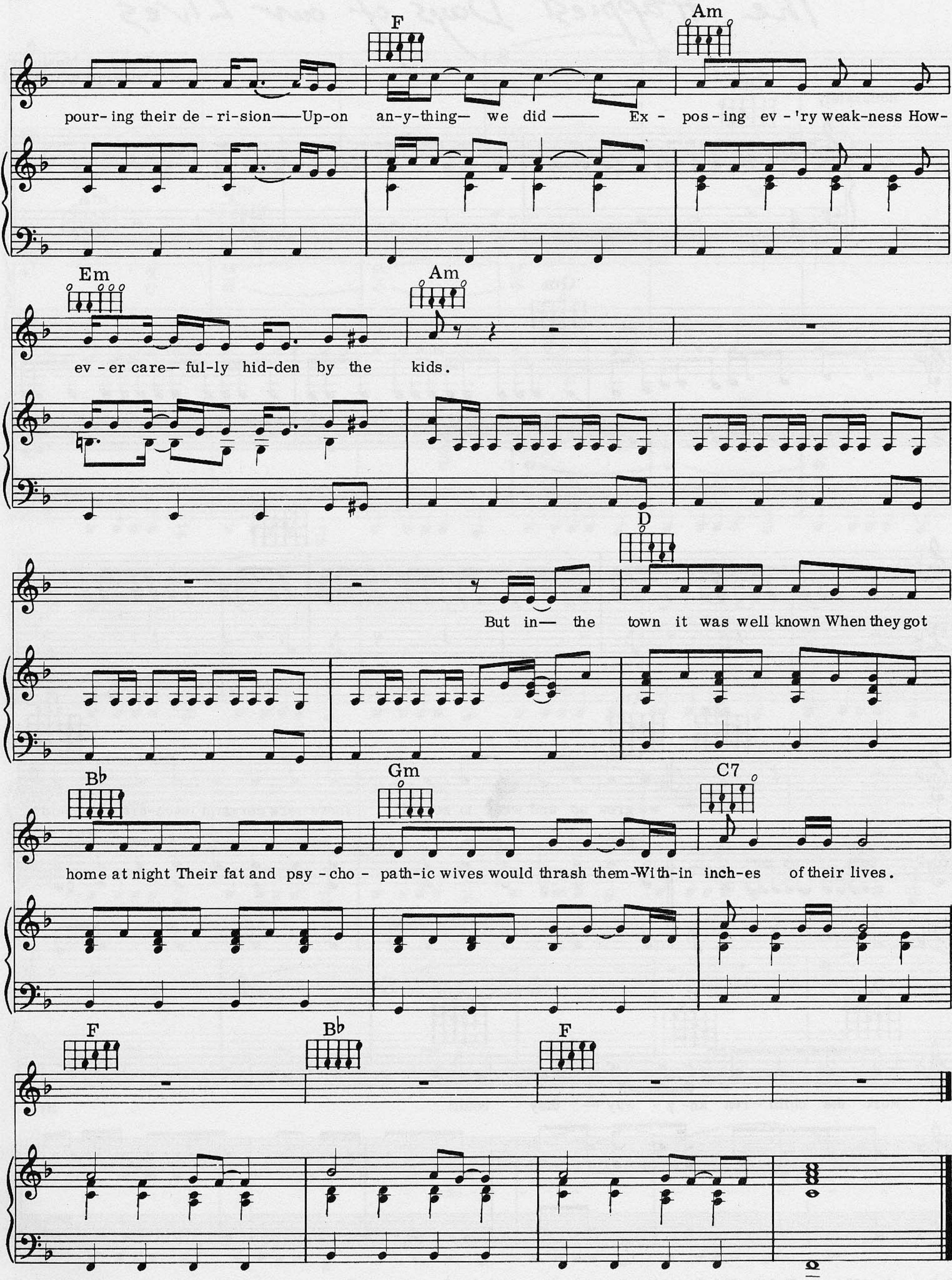
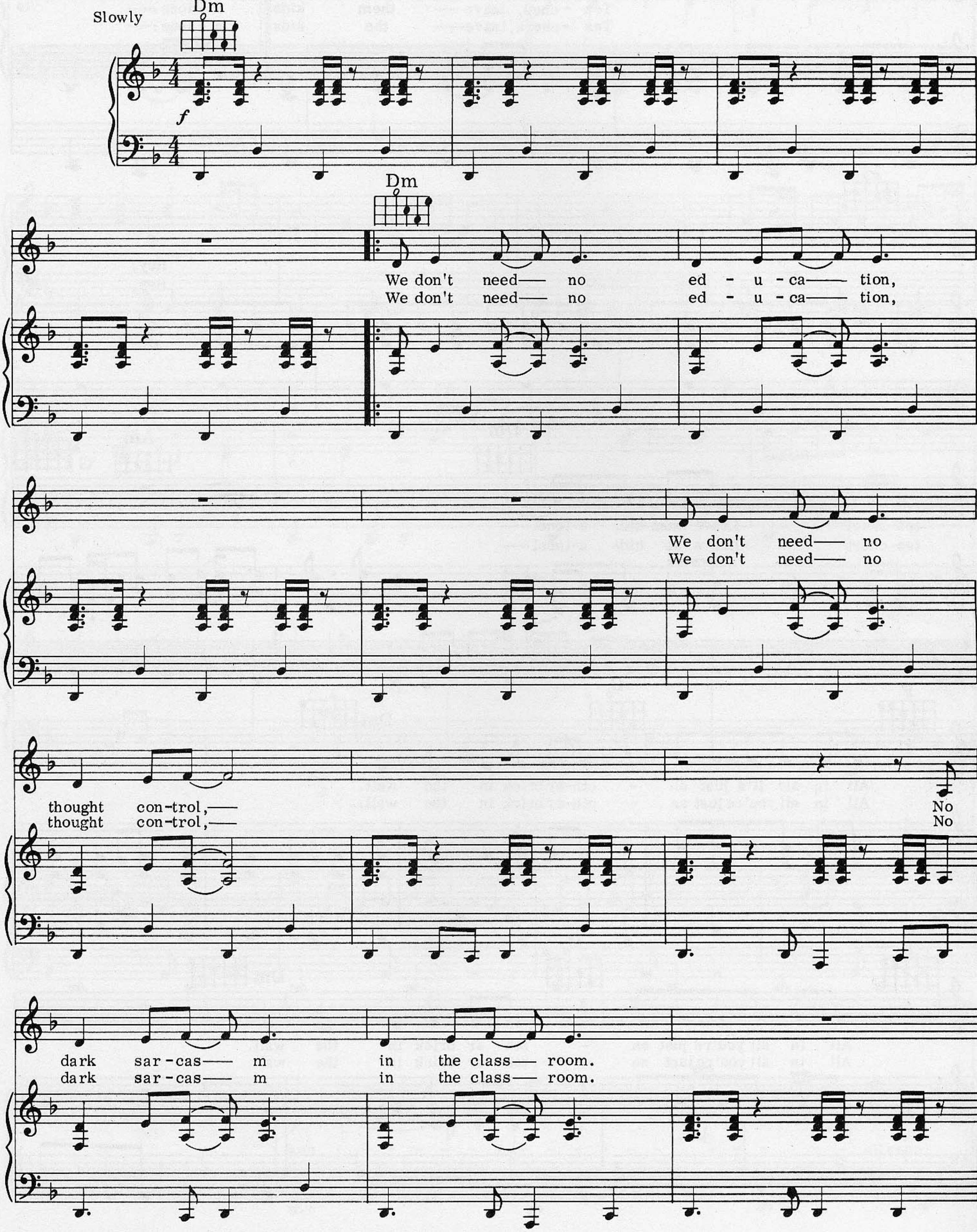
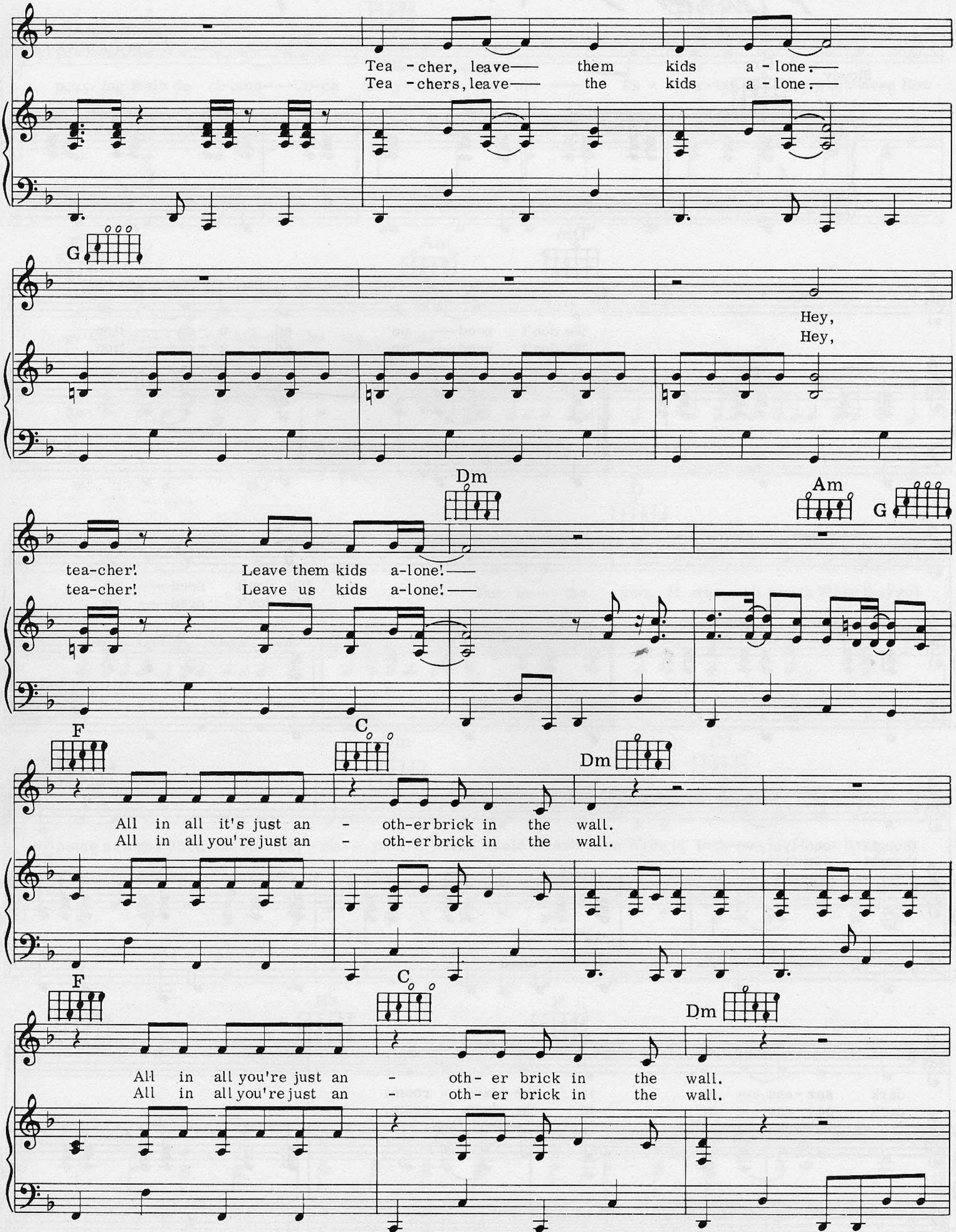
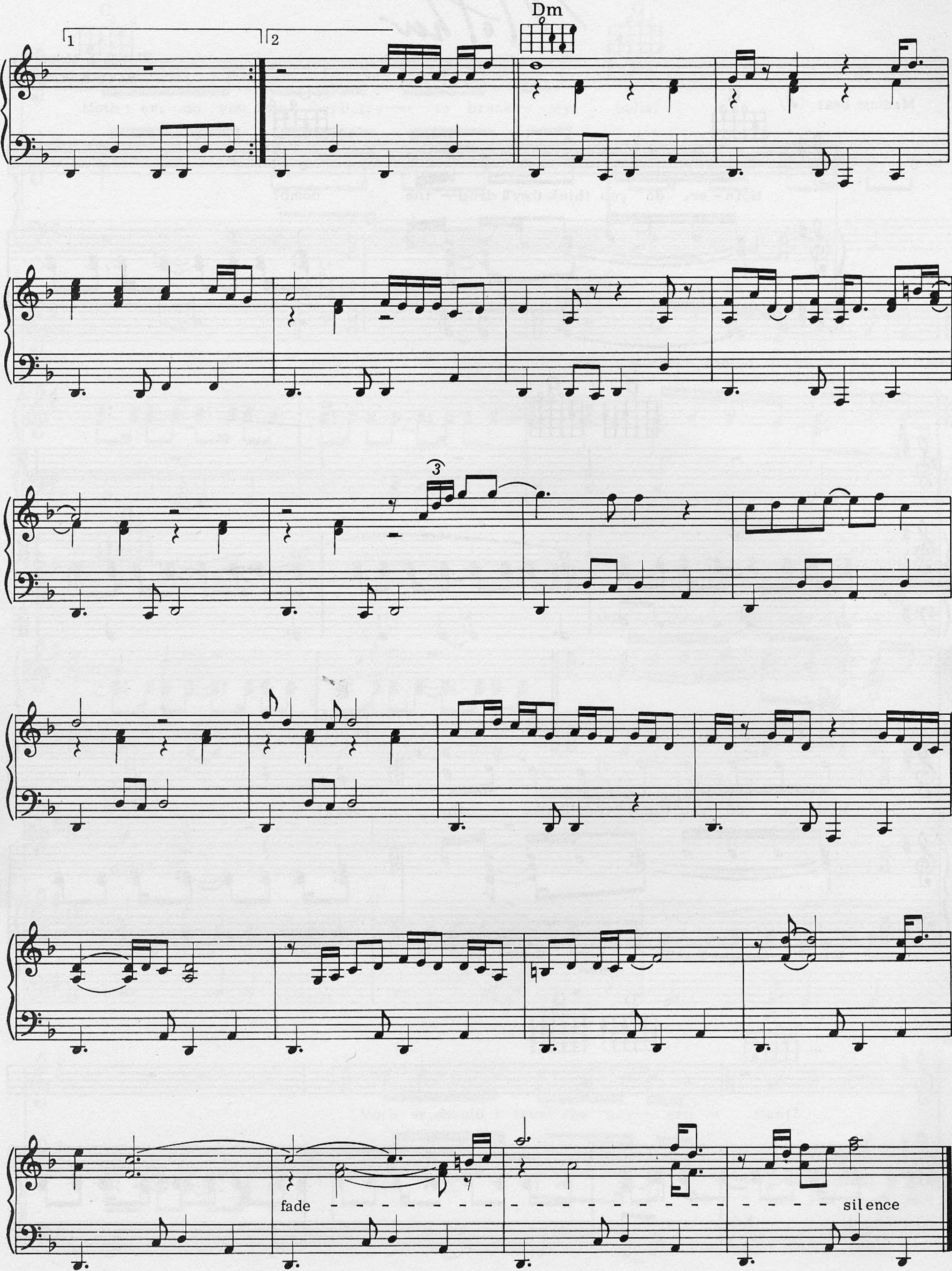

F
Am
pour-ing their de-ri-sion—Up-on an-y-thing— we did—— Ex-pos-ing ev-'ry weak-ness How-
Em
Am
ev-er care-ful-ly hid-den by the kids.
D
But in— the town it was well known When they got
B♭
Gm
C7
home at night Their fat and psy-cho-path-ic wives would thrash them-With-in inch-es of their lives.
F
B♭
F

Another Brick in the Wall, part 2.

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

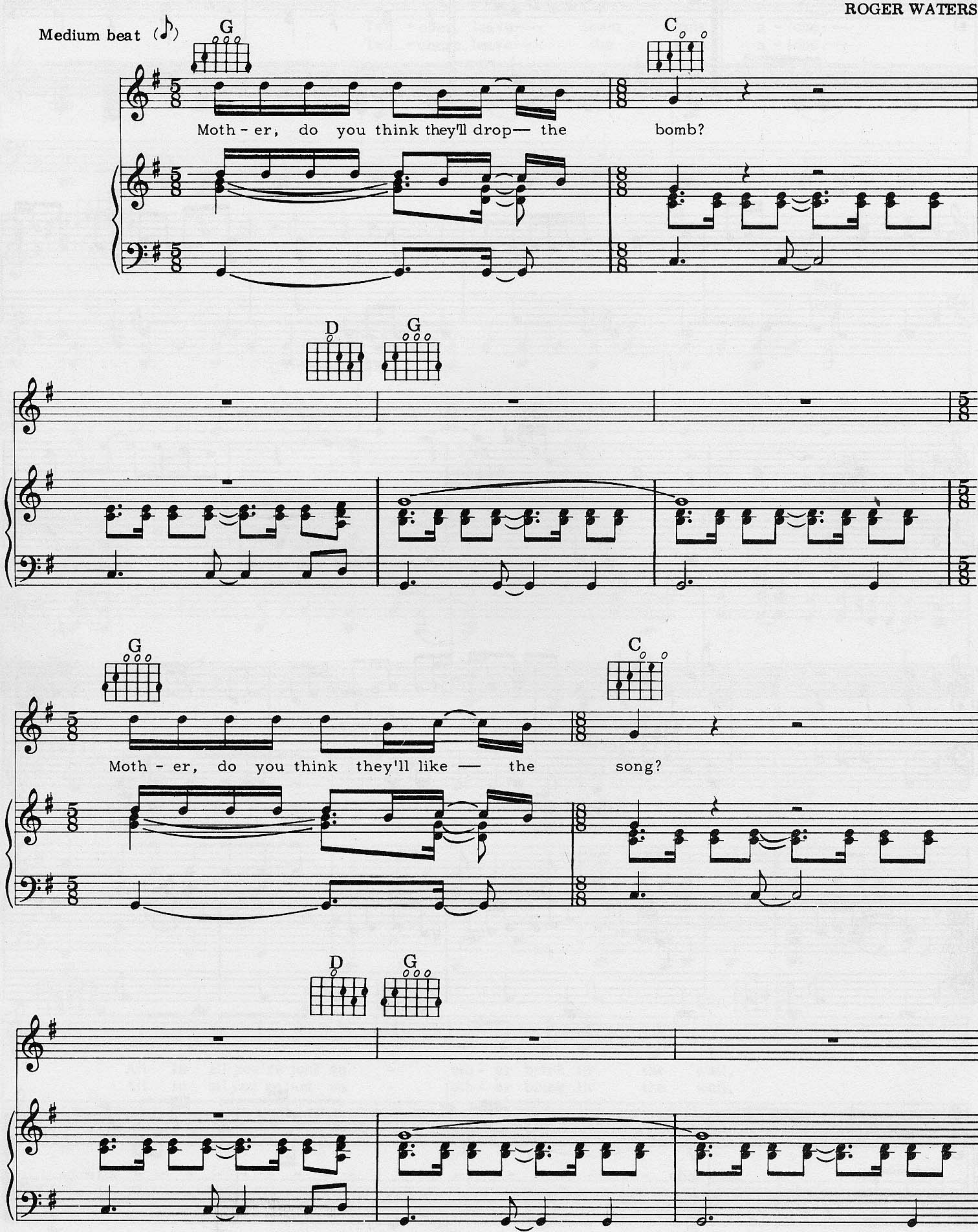

Slowly
Dm
f
Dm
We don't need— no ed - u - ca— tion,
We don't need— no ed - u - ca— tion,
We don't need— no
We don't need— no
thought con-trol,—
thought con-trol,—
No
No
dark sar-cas— m in the class— room.
dark sar-cas— m in the class— room.

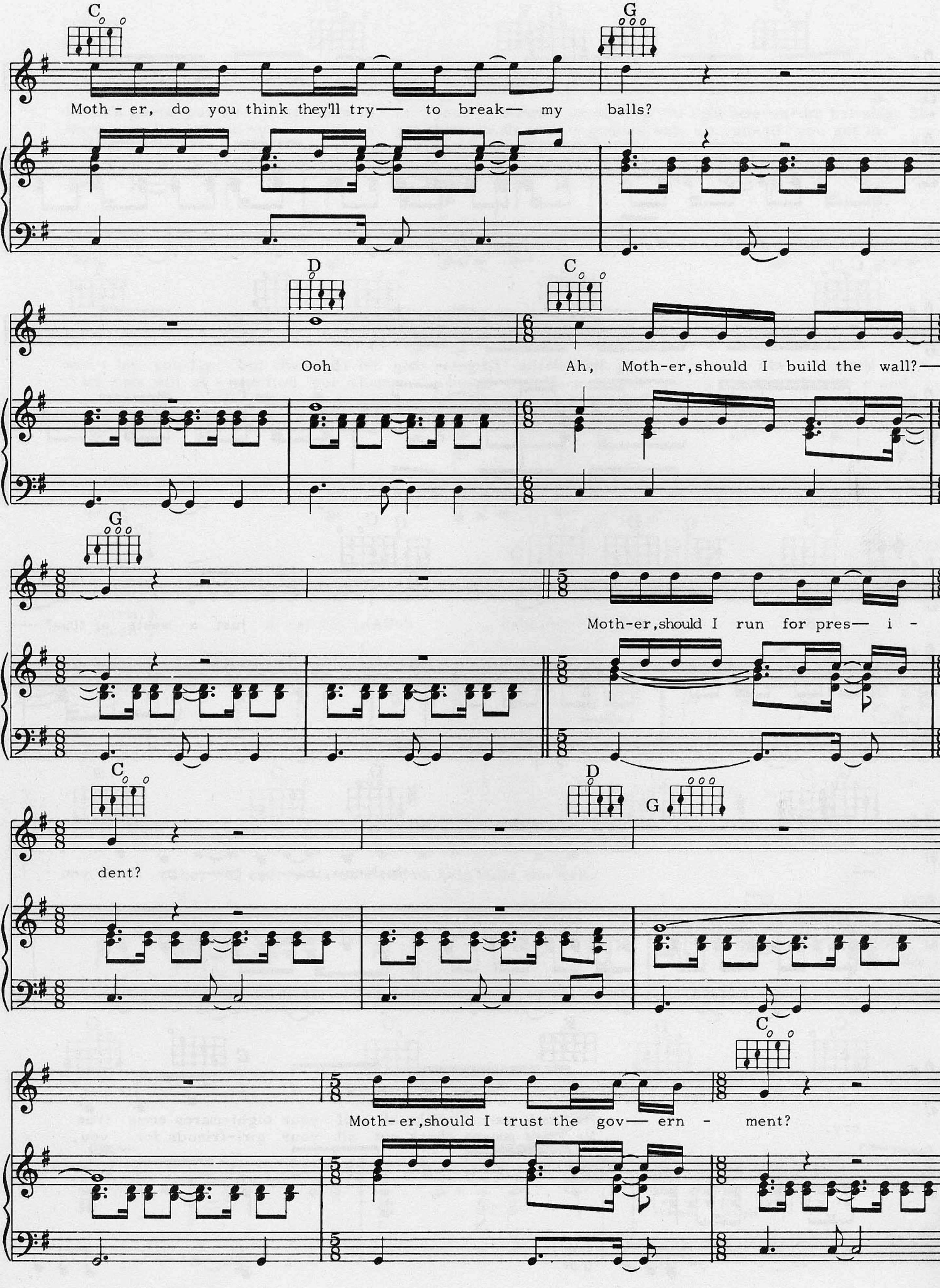

Tea - cher, leave them kids a - lone.
Tea - chers, leave the kids a - lone.
G
Hey,
Hey,
Dm
tea-cher! Leave them kids a-lone!
tea-cher! Leave us kids a-lone!
Am
G
F
C
Dm
All in all it's just an - oth-er brick in the wall.
All in all you're just an - oth-er brick in the wall.
F
C
Dm
All in all you're just an - oth-er brick in the wall.
All in all you're just an - oth-er brick in the wall.

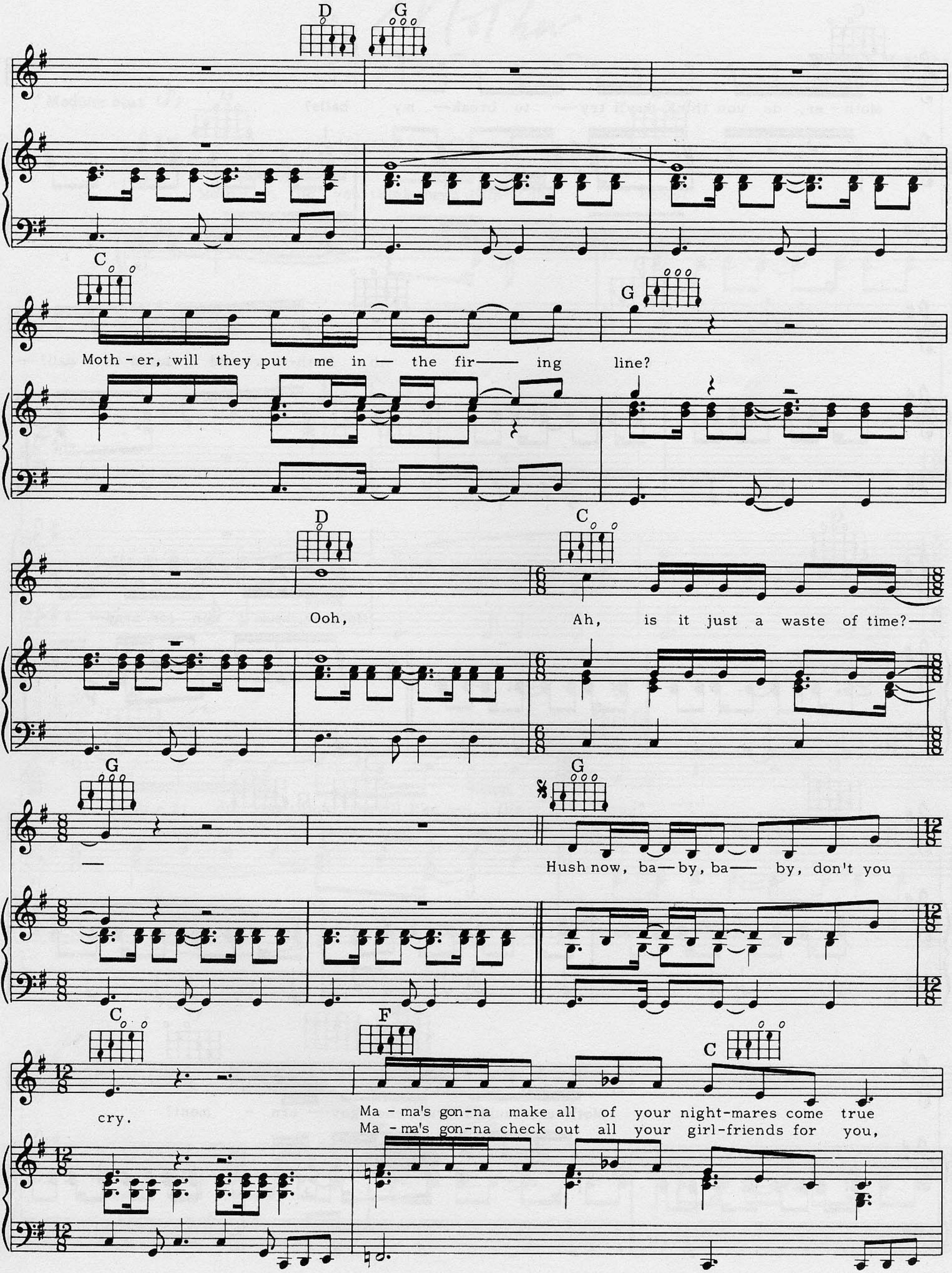

1
2
Dm
3
fade
silence

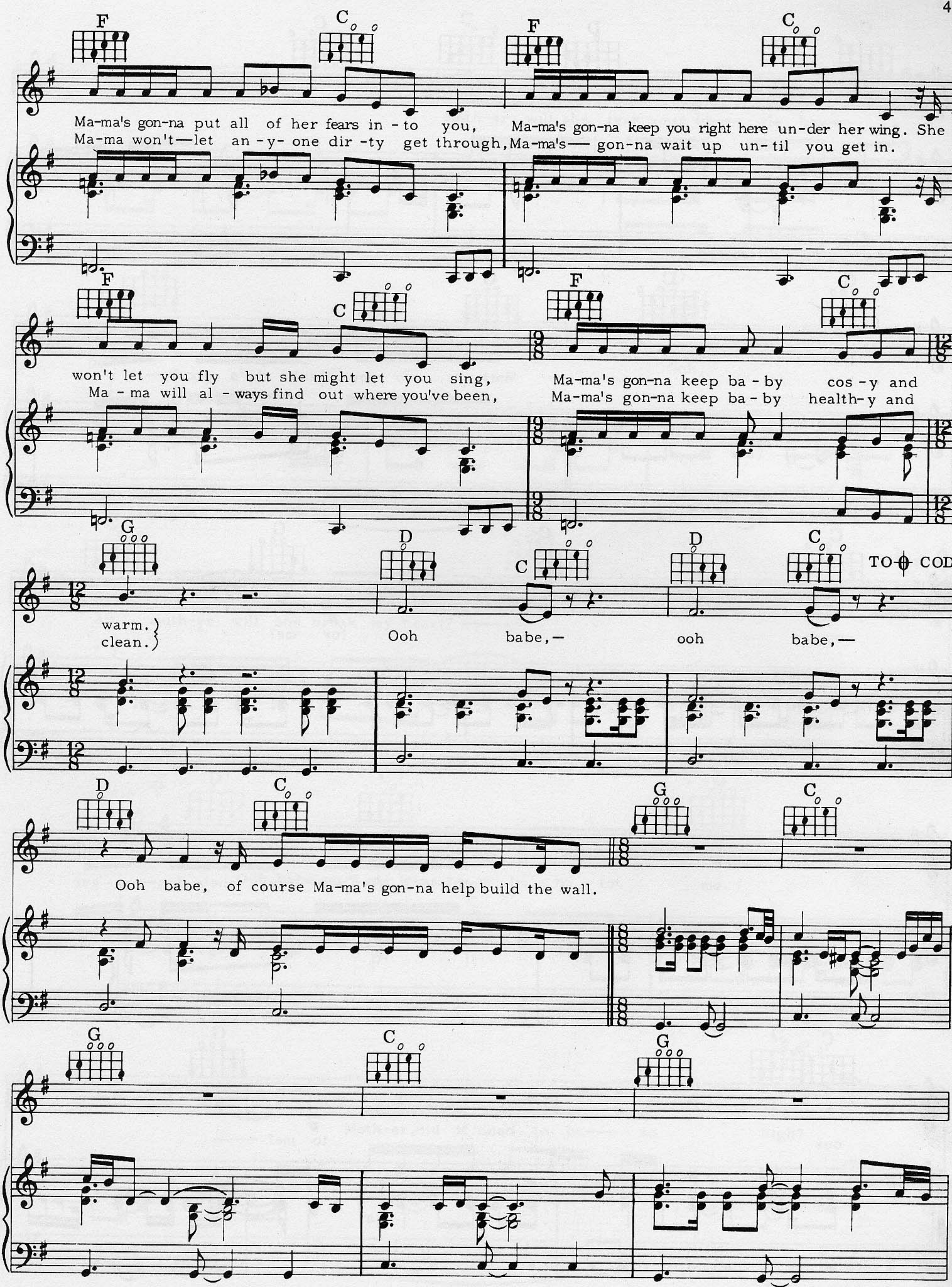
Mother

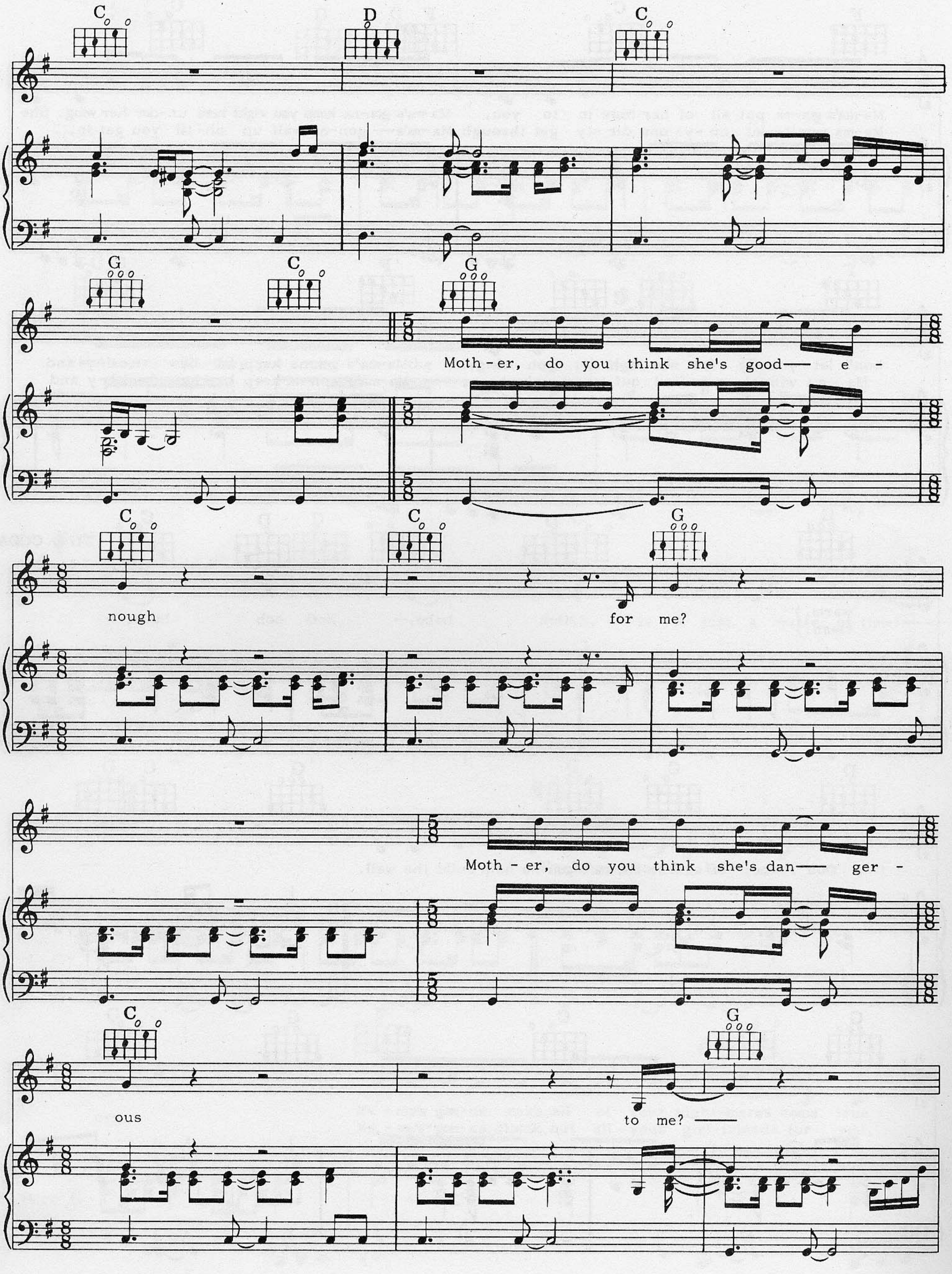
Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

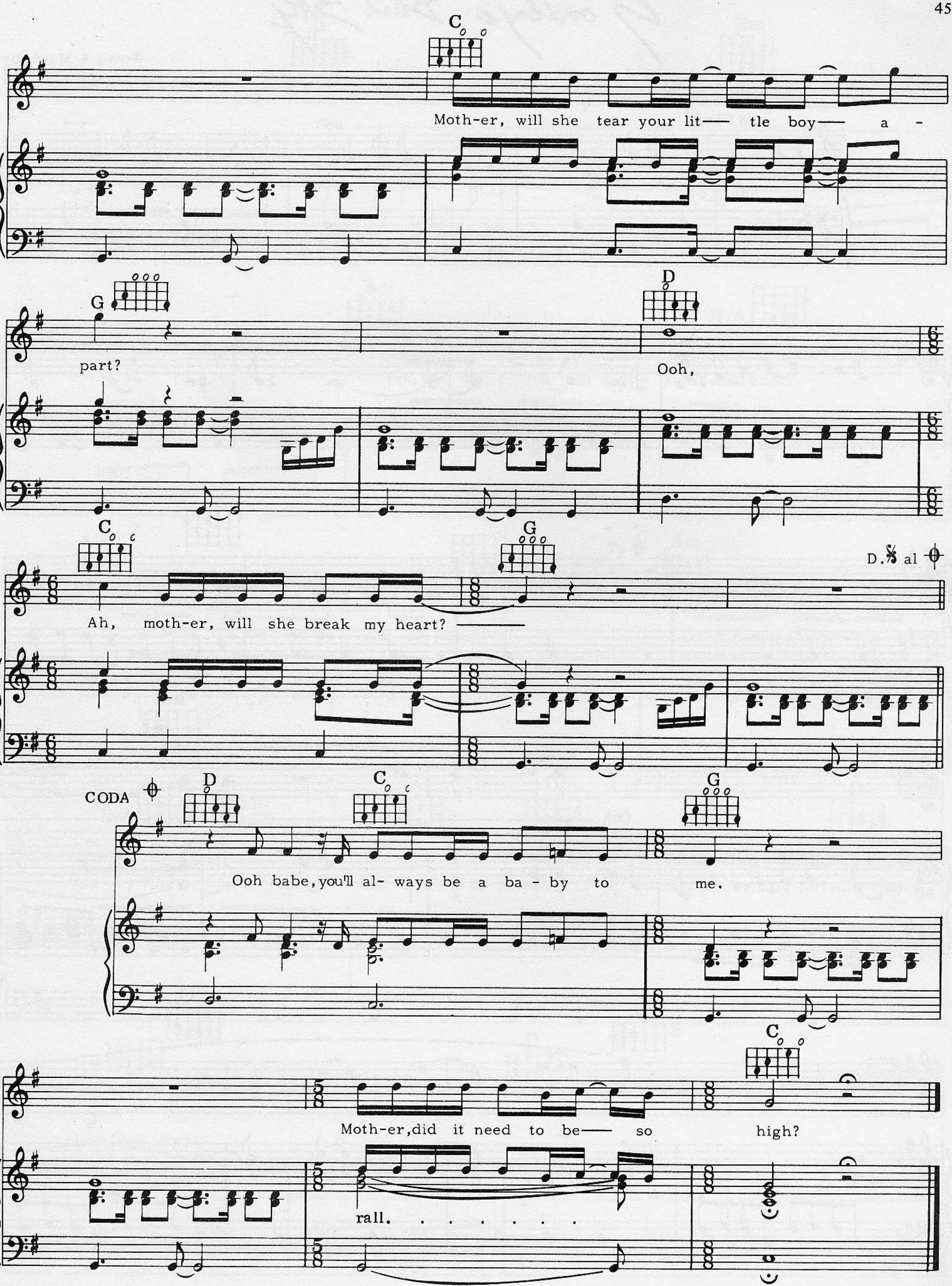

Medium beat
G
C
Moth - er, do you think they'll drop — the bomb?
D
G
G
C
Moth - er, do you think they'll like — the song?
D
G


C
G
Moth - er, do you think they'll try— to break— my balls?
D
C
Ooh
Ah, Moth-er, should I build the wall?—
G
Moth-er, should I run for pres— i -
C
D
G
dent?
C
Moth-er, should I trust the gov— ern - ment?


D
G
C
Mother, will they put me in — the firing line?
G
D
C
Ooh,
Ah, is it just a waste of time? —
G
G
Hush now, baby, baby, don't you
C
cry.
F
C
Mama's gonna make all of your nightmares come true
Mama's gonna check out all your girlfriends for you,

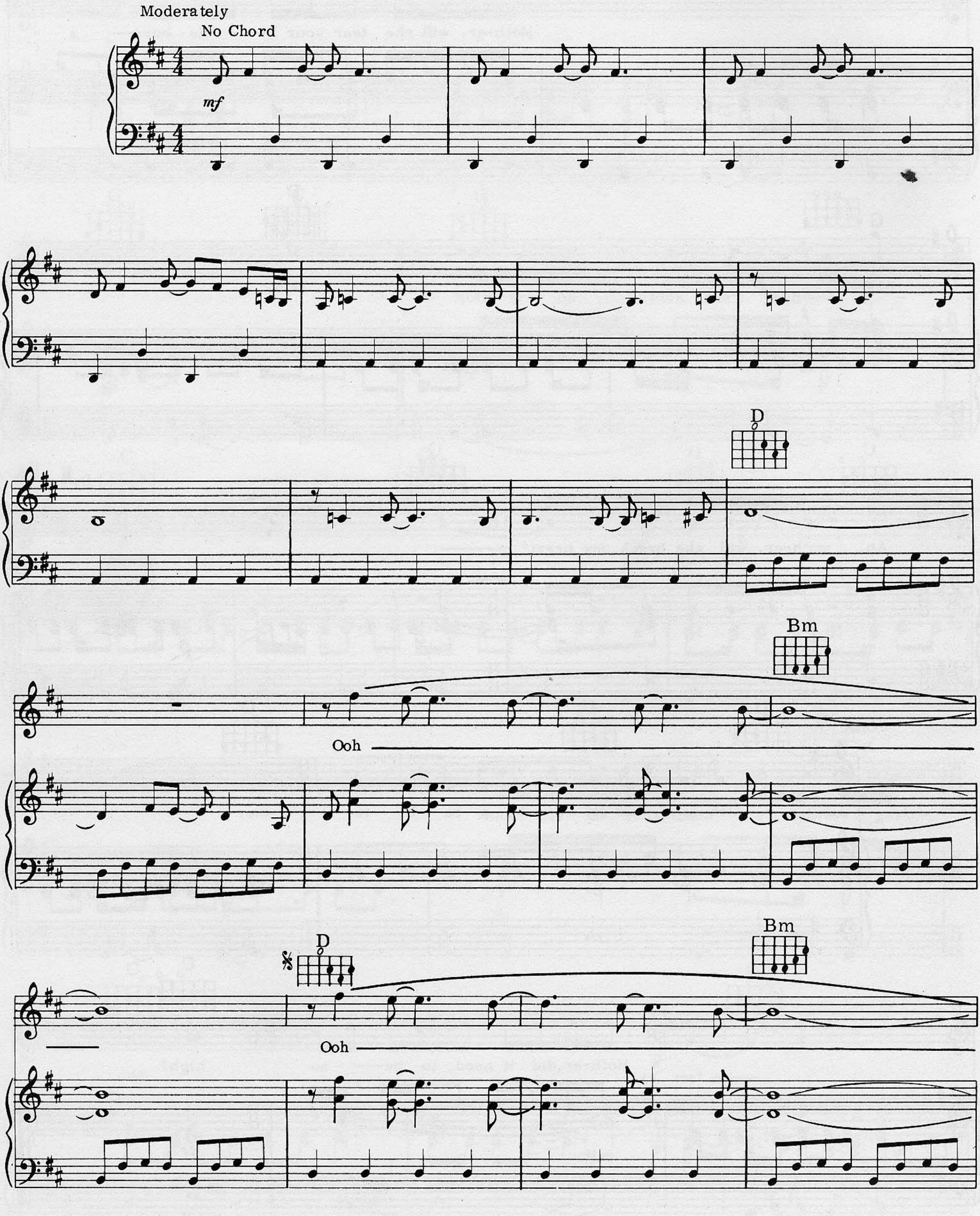

F
C
F
C
Ma-ma's gon-na put all of her fears in-to you, Ma-ma's gon-na keep you right here un-der her wing. She
Ma-ma won't— let an-y-one dir-ty get through, Ma-ma's— gon-na wait up un-til you get in.
F
C
F
C
won't let you fly but she might let you sing, Ma-ma's gon-na keep ba-by cos-y and
Ma-ma will al-ways find out where you've been, Ma-ma's gon-na keep ba-by health-y and
G
D
C
D
C
TO COD
warm.
clean.
Ooh babe,— ooh babe,—
D
C
G
C
Ooh babe, of course Ma-ma's gon-na help build the wall.
G
C
G


C
D
C
G
C
G
Mother, do you think she's good enough for me?
C
C
G
Mother, do you think she's dangerous to me?
C
G


C
Moth-er, will she tear your lit— tle boy— a -
G
part?
D
Ooh,
C
G
Ah, moth-er, will she break my heart? ———
D.𝄋 al 𝄌
CODA 𝄌
D
C
G
Ooh babe, you'll al- ways be a ba- by to me.
C
Moth-er, did it need to be— so high?
rall. . . . .

Goodbye Blue Sky

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Moderately
No Chord
mf
D
Bm
Ooh
𝄋
D
Bm
Ooh

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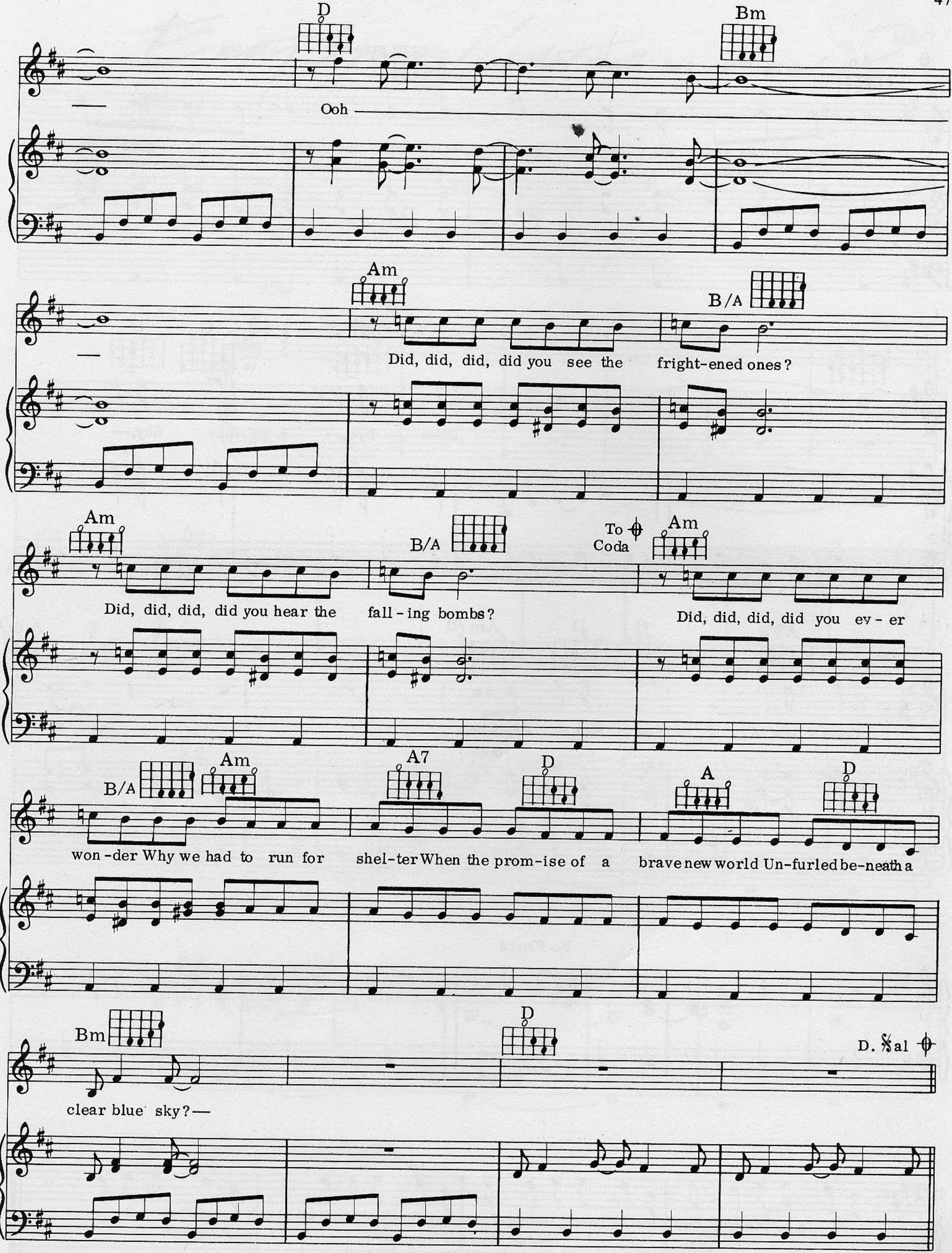
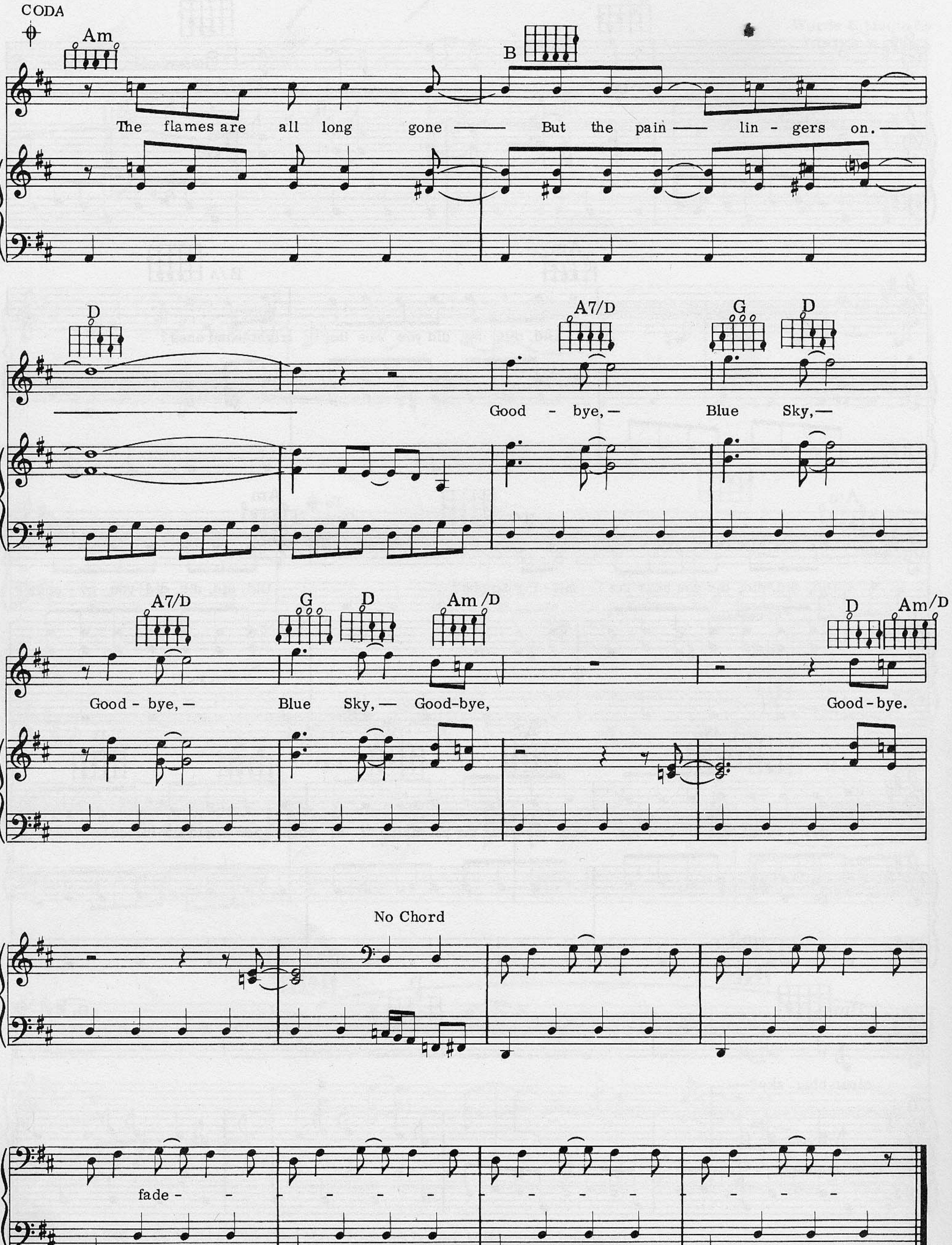
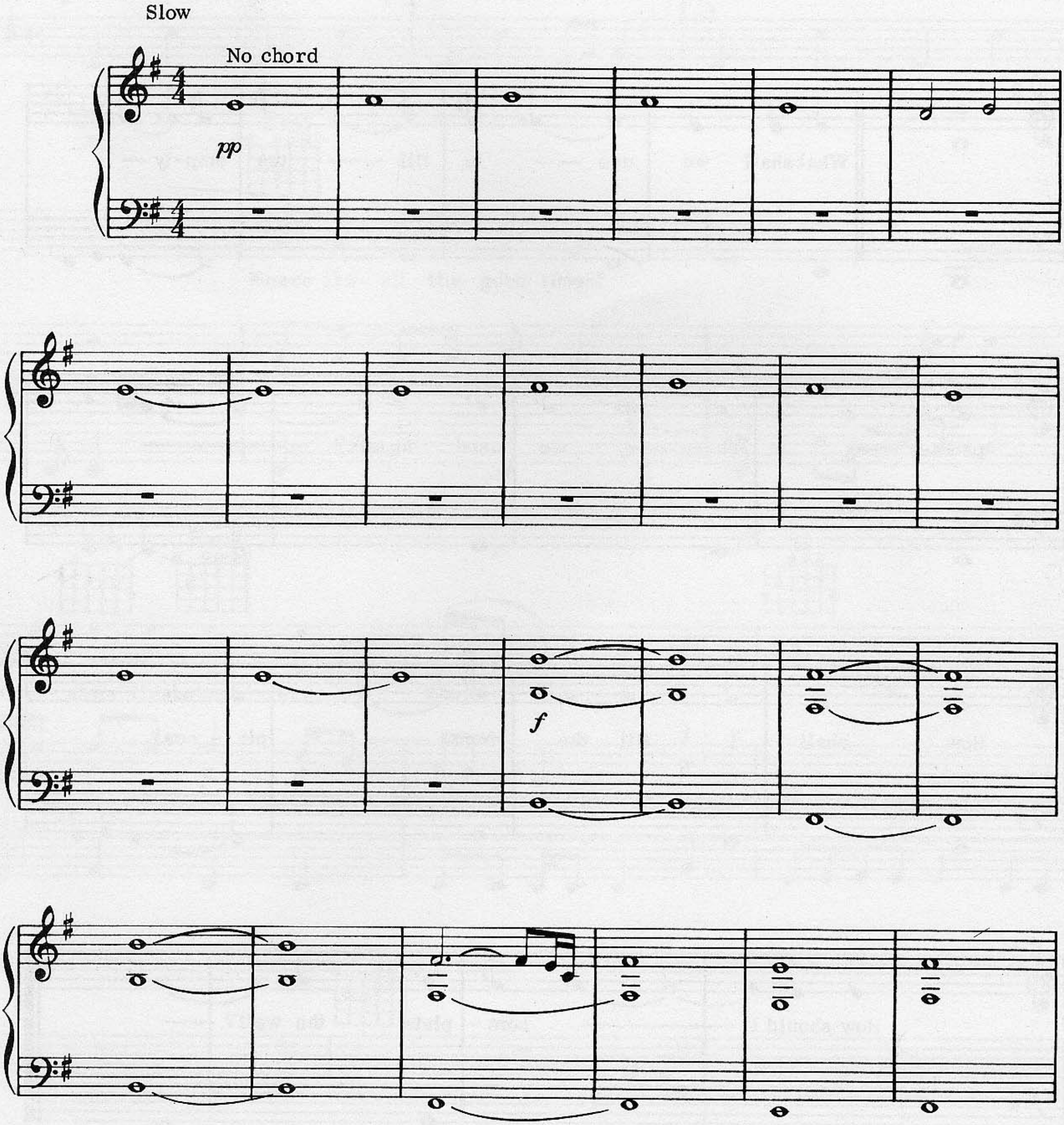

D
Bm
Ooh
Am
B/A
Did, did, did, did you see the fright-ened ones?
Am
B/A
To ⊕ Coda
Am
Did, did, did, did you hear the fall-ing bombs?
Did, did, did, did you ev-er
B/A
Am
A7
D
A
D
won-der Why we had to run for shel-ter When the prom-ise of a brave new world Un-furled be-neath a
Bm
D
D. 𝄋 al ⊕
clear blue sky?—


CODA
Am
B
The flames are all long gone — But the pain — lin - gers on. —
D
A7/D
G
D
Good - bye, — Blue Sky, —
A7/D
G
D
Am/D
D
Am/D
Good - bye, — Blue Sky, — Good-bye, Good-bye.
No Chord
fade - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Empty Spaces/(What shall we do now .?

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS



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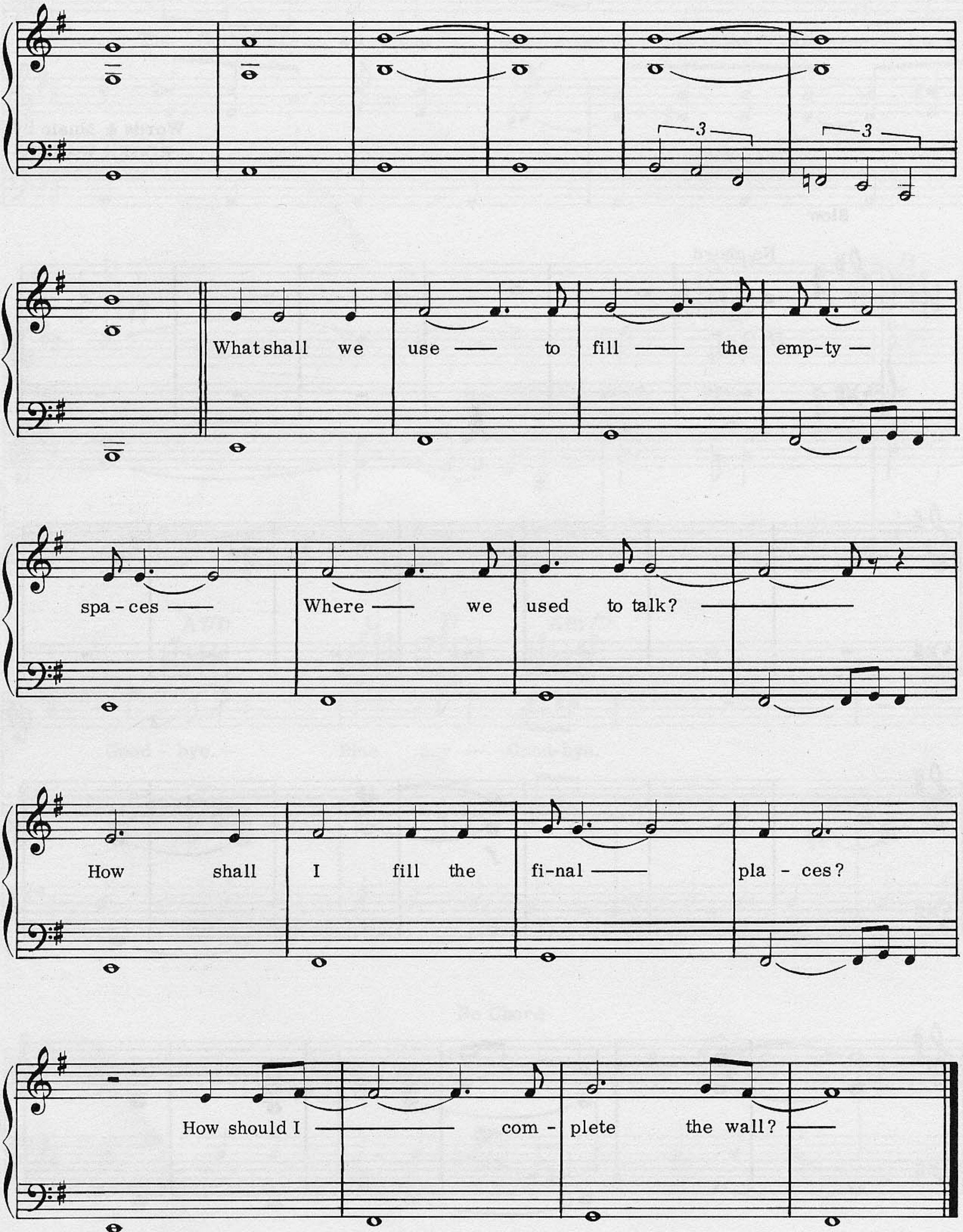
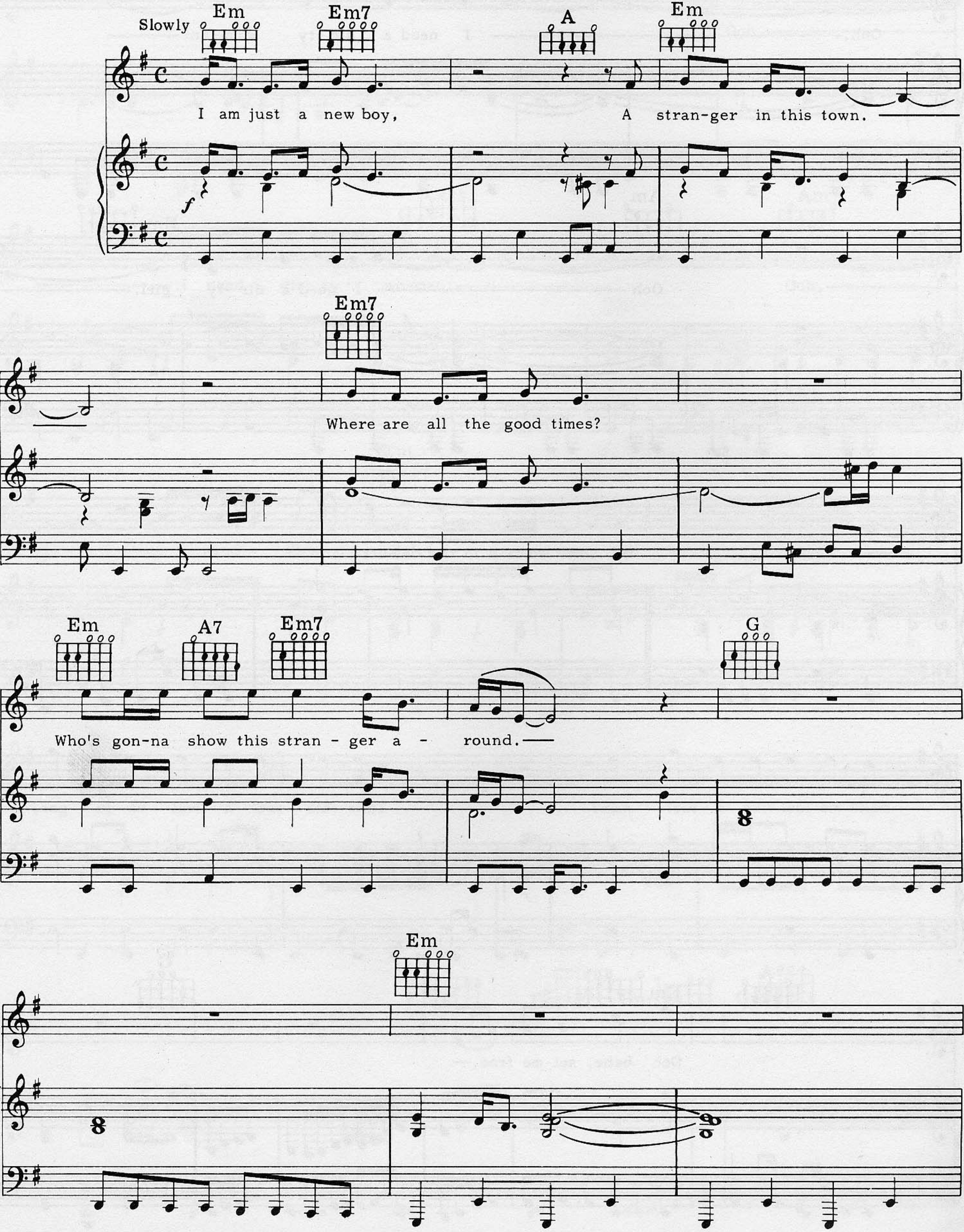

3
3
What shall we use to fill the empty
spa - ces Where we used to talk?
How shall I fill the fi-nal pla - ces?
How should I com - plete the wall?

Young Lust

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS
& DAVID GILMOUR


Slowly
Em
Em7
A
Em
f
I am just a new boy,
A stran-ger in this town.
Em7
Where are all the good times?
Em
A7
Em7
G
Who's gon-na show this stran - ger a - round.
Em

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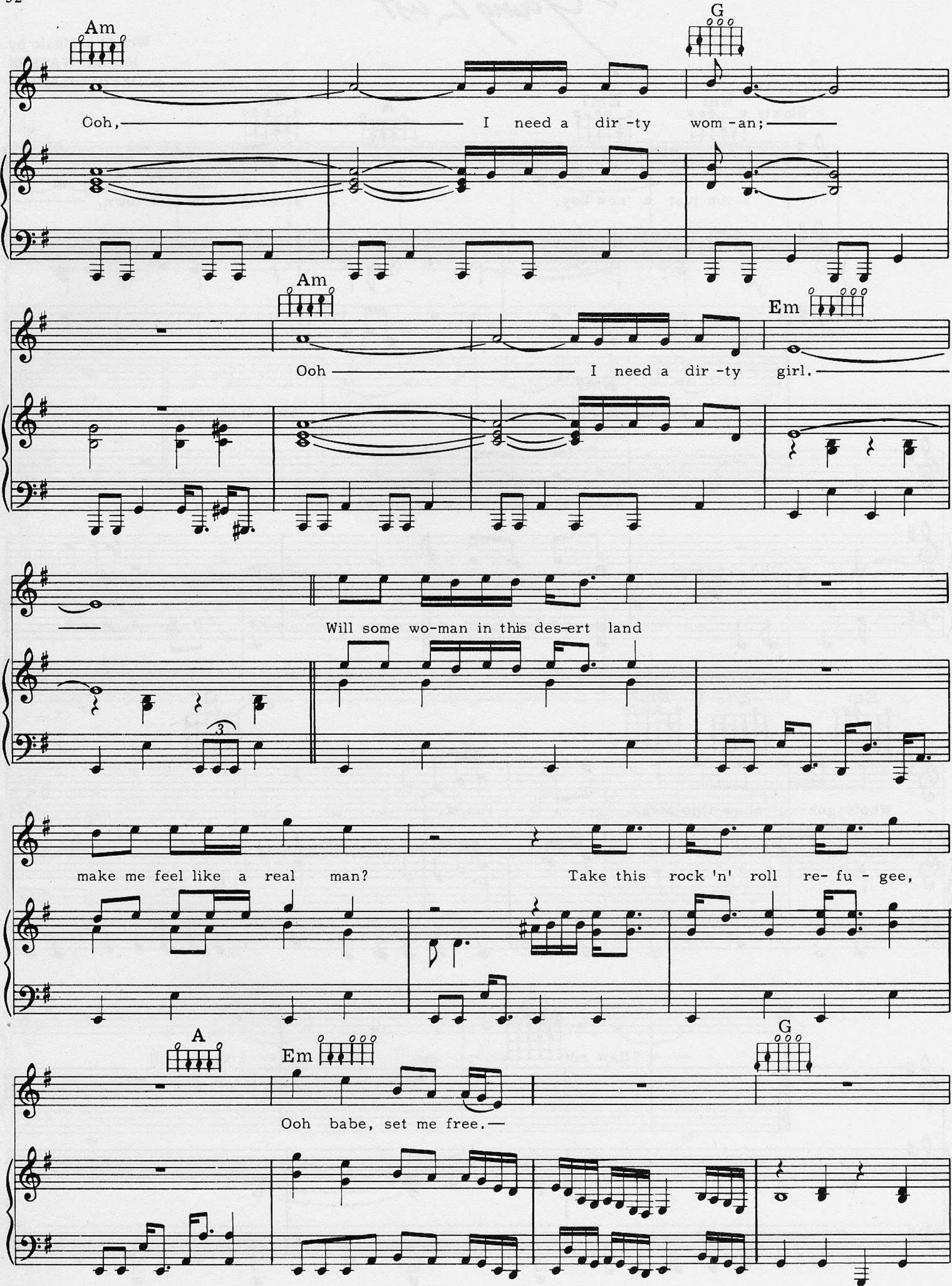
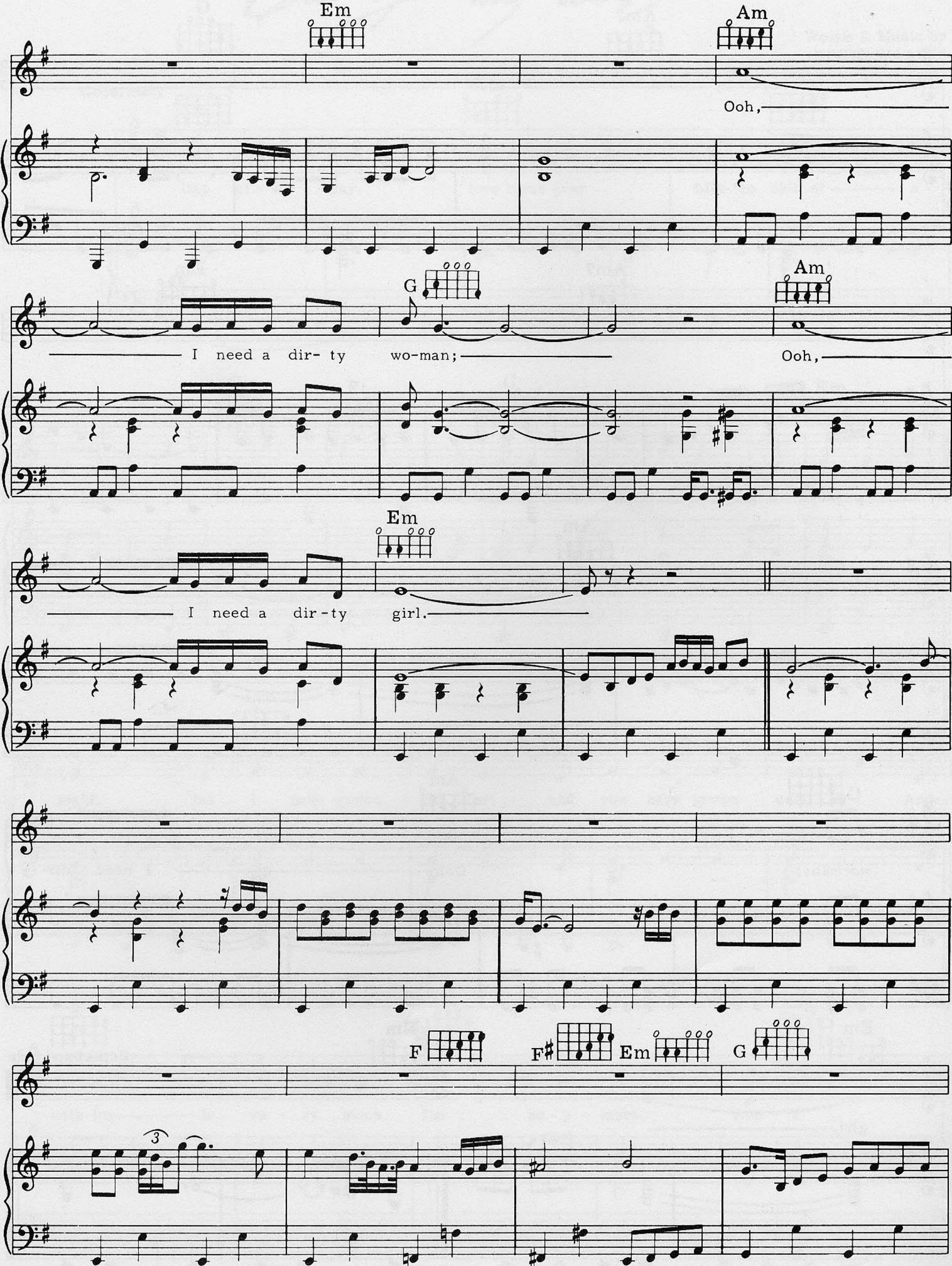
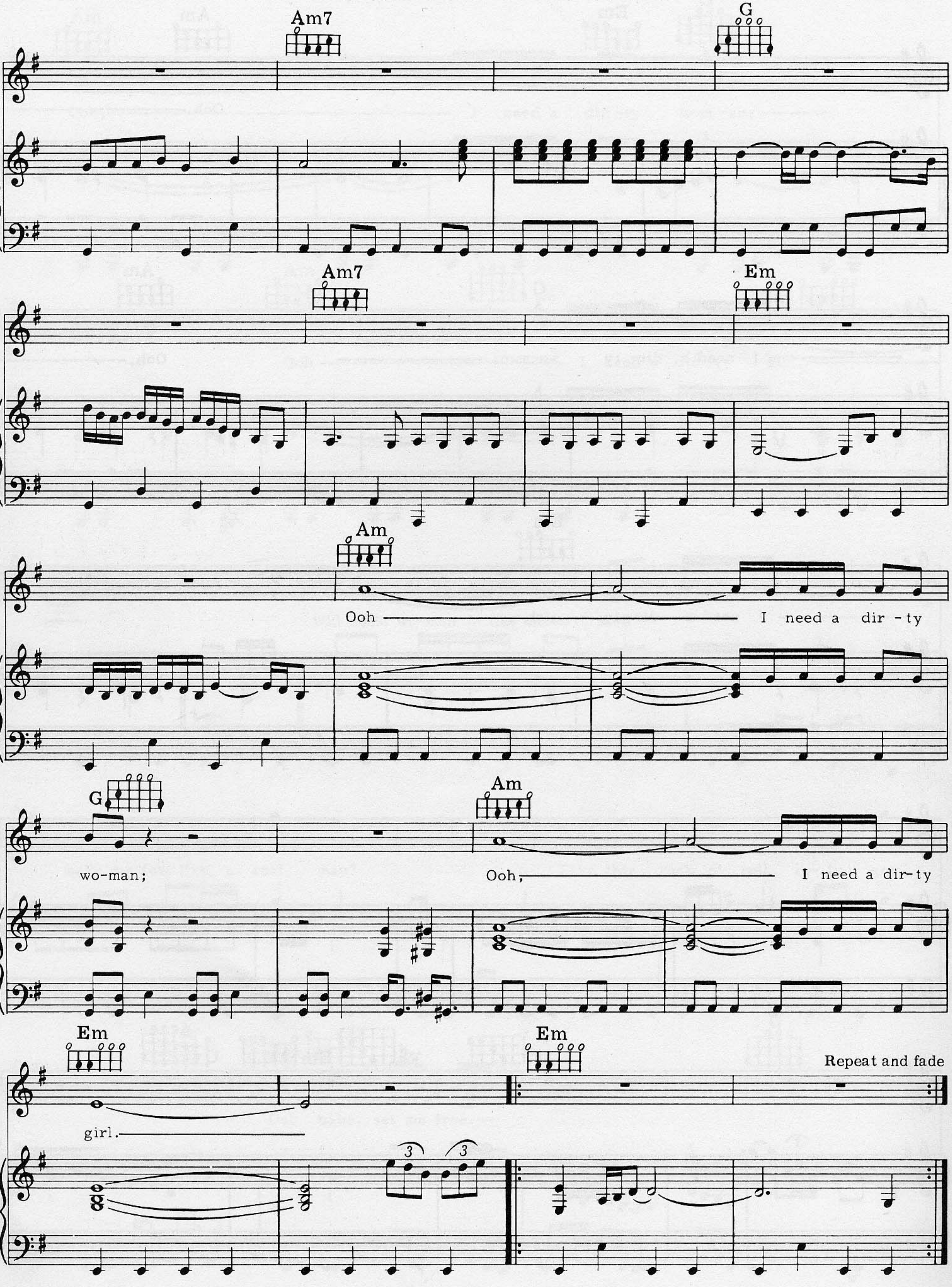
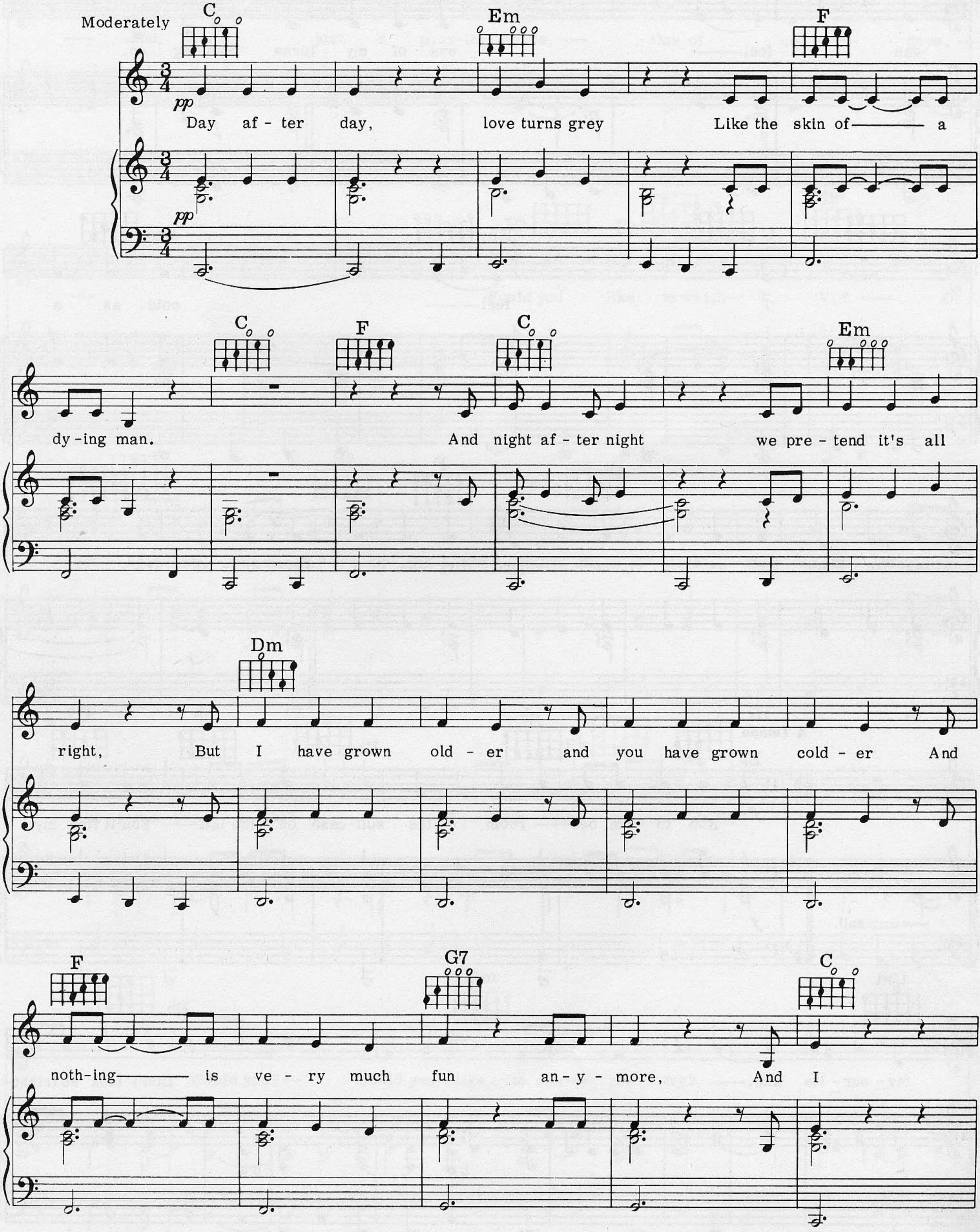

Am
G
Ooh, I need a dir-ty wom-an;
Am
Em
Ooh I need a dir-ty girl.
Will some wo-man in this des-ert land
make me feel like a real man?
Take this rock 'n' roll re-fu-gee,
A
Em
G
Ooh babe, set me free.
3


Em
Am
Ooh,
I need a dir-ty wo-man;
G
Am
Ooh,
I need a dir-ty girl.
Em
F
F♯
Em
G


Am7
G
Am7
Em
Am
Ooh — I need a dir-ty
G
wo-man;
Am
Ooh; — I need a dir-ty
Em
girl. —
Em
Repeat and fade
3
3

One of my turns

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Moderately
C
Em
F
pp
Day af - ter day, love turns grey Like the skin of a
C
F
C
Em
dy - ing man. And night af - ter night we pre - tend it's all
Dm
right, But I have grown old - er and you have grown cold - er And
F
G7
C
noth - ing is ve - ry much fun an - y - more, And I

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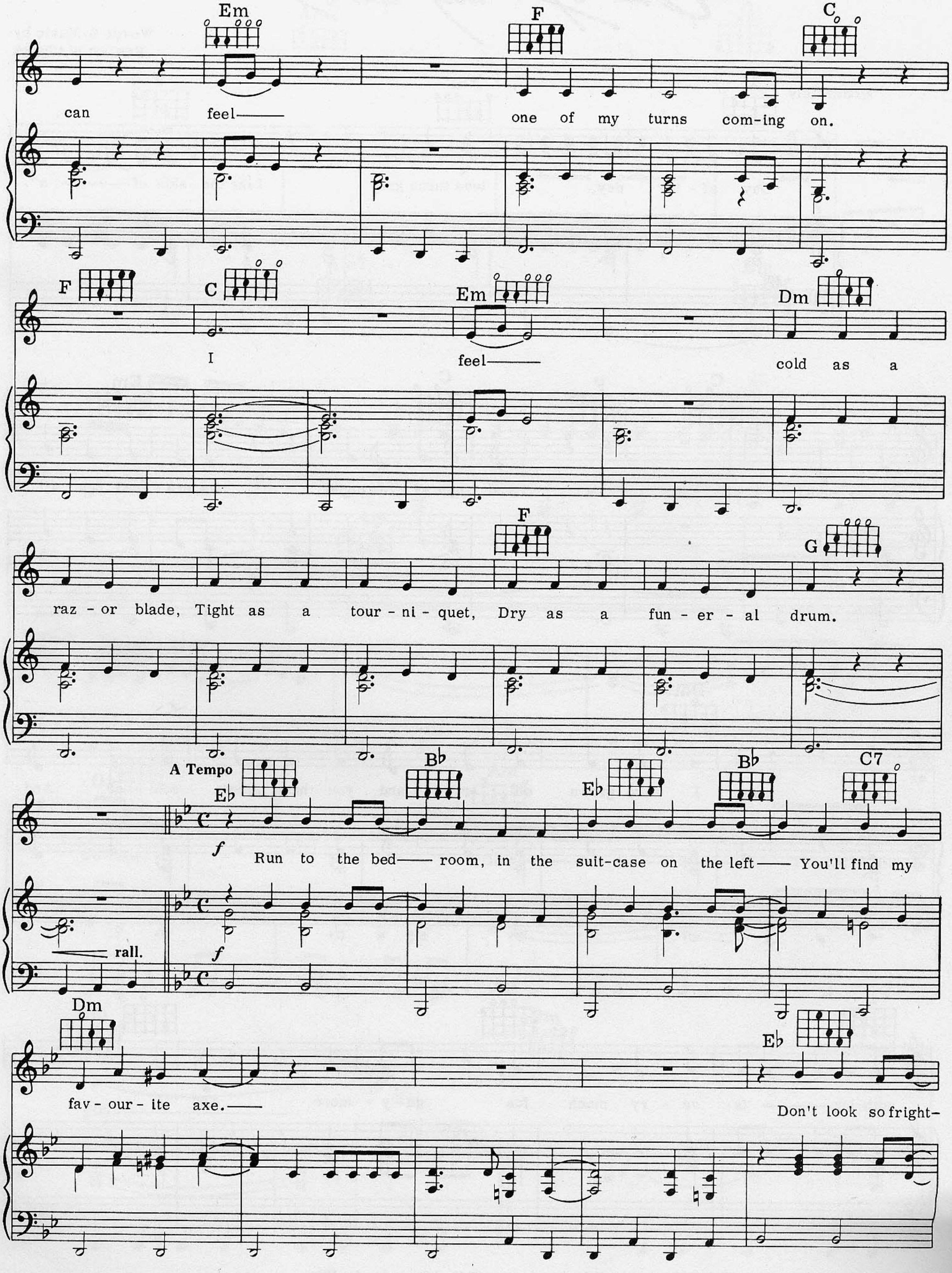
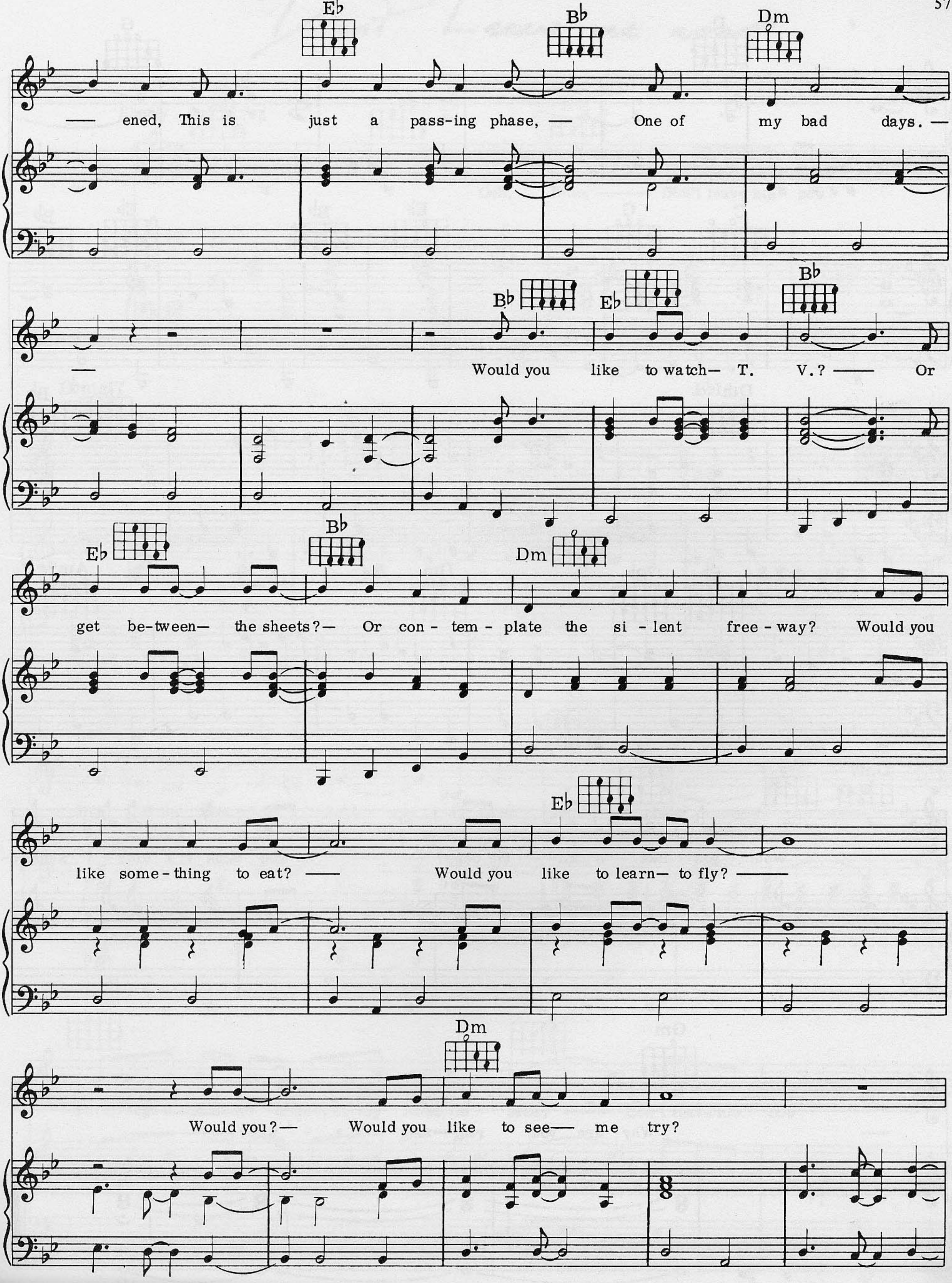
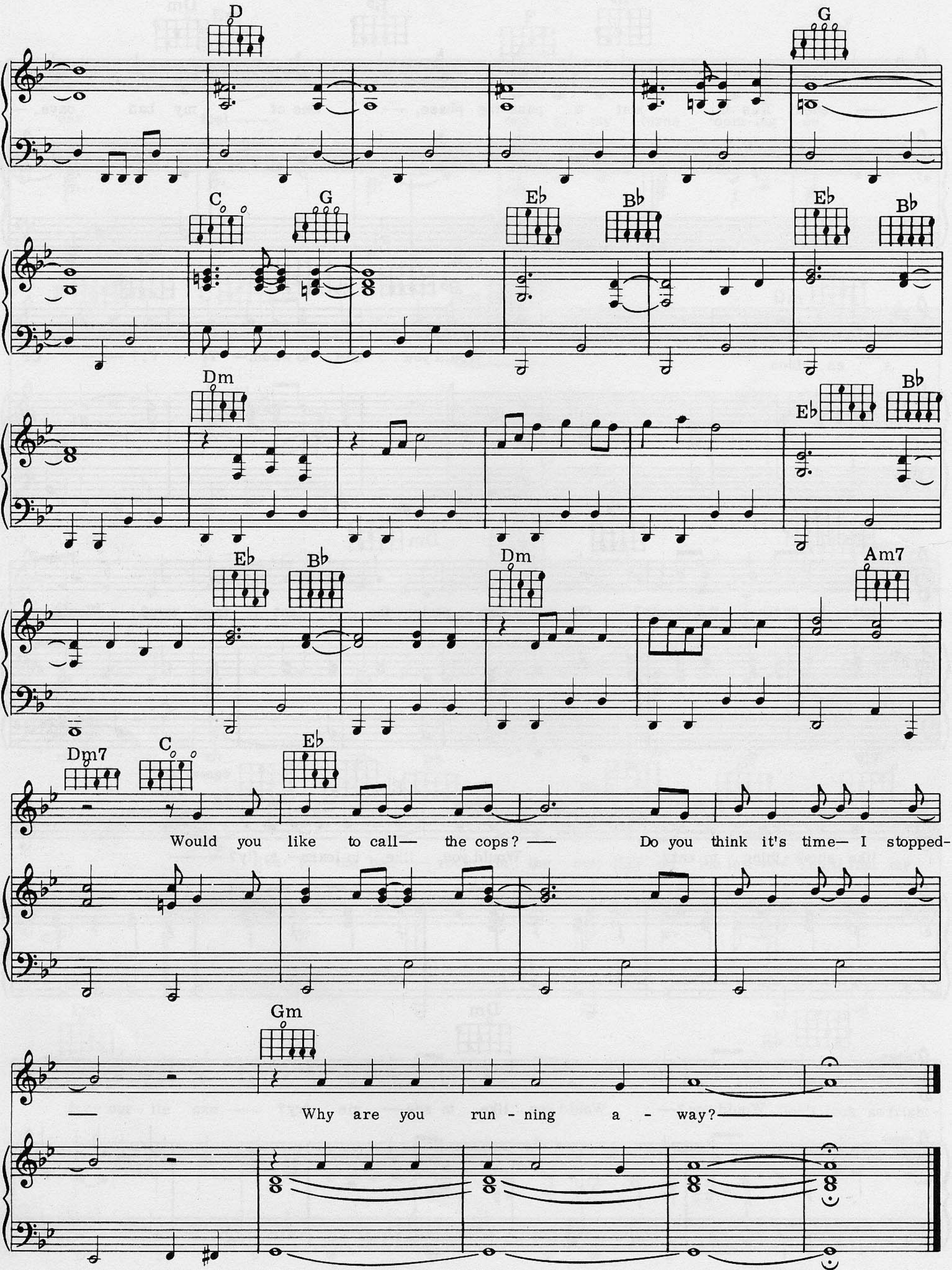
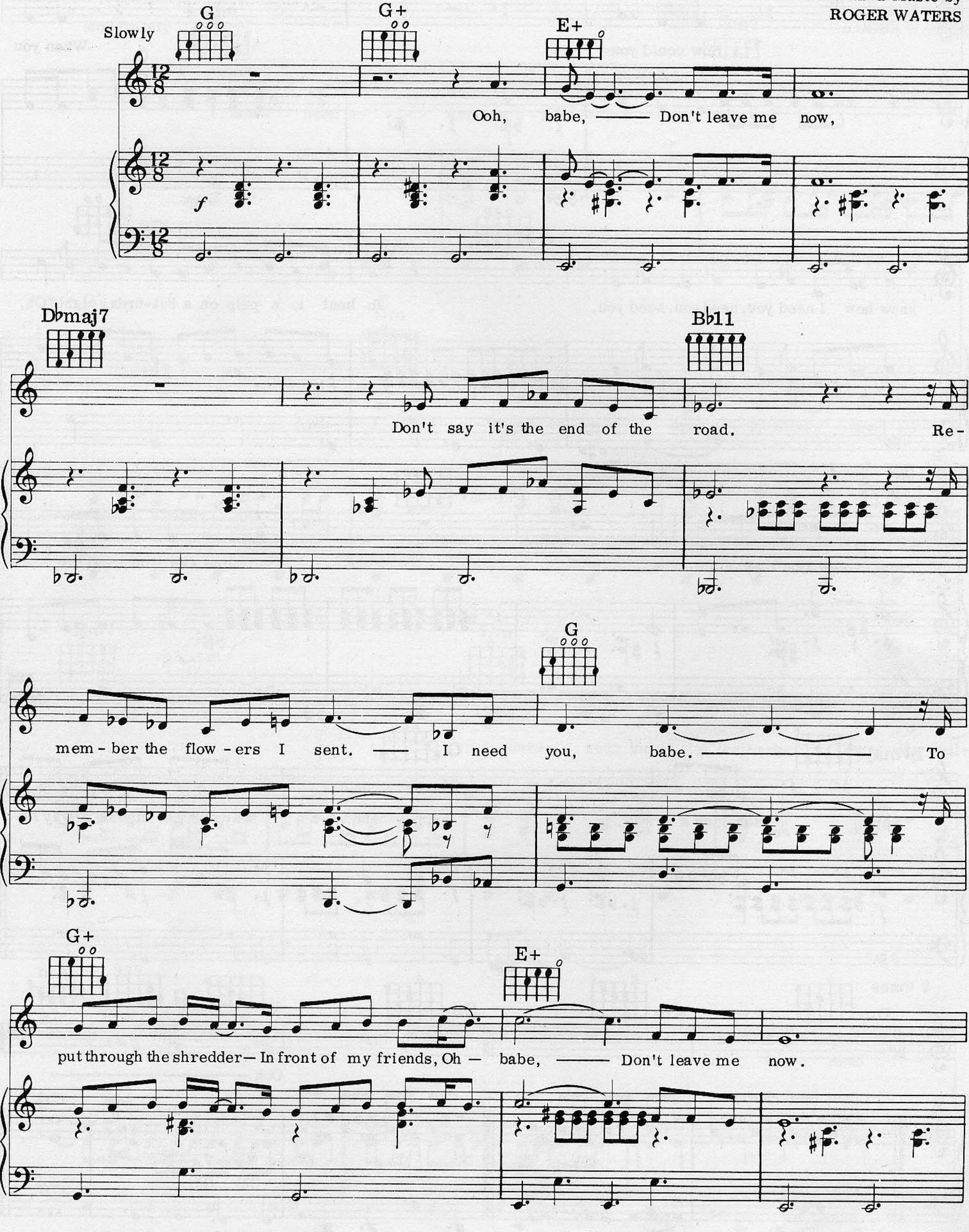

Em
F
C
can feel—— one of my turns com-ing on.
F
C
Em
Dm
I feel—— cold as a
F
G
raz-or blade, Tight as a tour-ni-quet, Dry as a fun-er-al drum.
A Tempo
E♭
B♭
E♭
B♭
C7
f
rall.
Run to the bed—— room, in the suit-case on the left—— You'll find my
Dm
E♭
fav-our-ite axe.—— Don't look so fright-


Eb
Bb
Dm
— ened, This is just a pass-ing phase, — One of my bad days. —
Bb
Eb
Bb
— Would you like to watch— T. V.? —— Or
Eb
Bb
Dm
get be-tween— the sheets?— Or con - tem - plate the si - lent free - way? Would you
Eb
like some-thing to eat? —— Would you like to learn— to fly? ———
Dm
Would you?— Would you like to see— me try?


D
G
C
G
E♭
B♭
E♭
B♭
Dm
E♭
B♭
E♭
B♭
Dm
Am7
Dm7
C
E♭
Would you like to call— the cops? ——
Do you think it's time— I stopped-
——
Gm
Why are you run - ning a - way?——

Don't Leave me now

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Slowly
G
G+
E+
Ooh, babe, — Don't leave me now,
Dbmaj7
Bb11
Don't say it's the end of the road. Re-
G
mem - ber the flow - ers I sent. — I need you, babe. — To
G+
E+
put through the shredder — In front of my friends, Oh — babe, — Don't leave me now.

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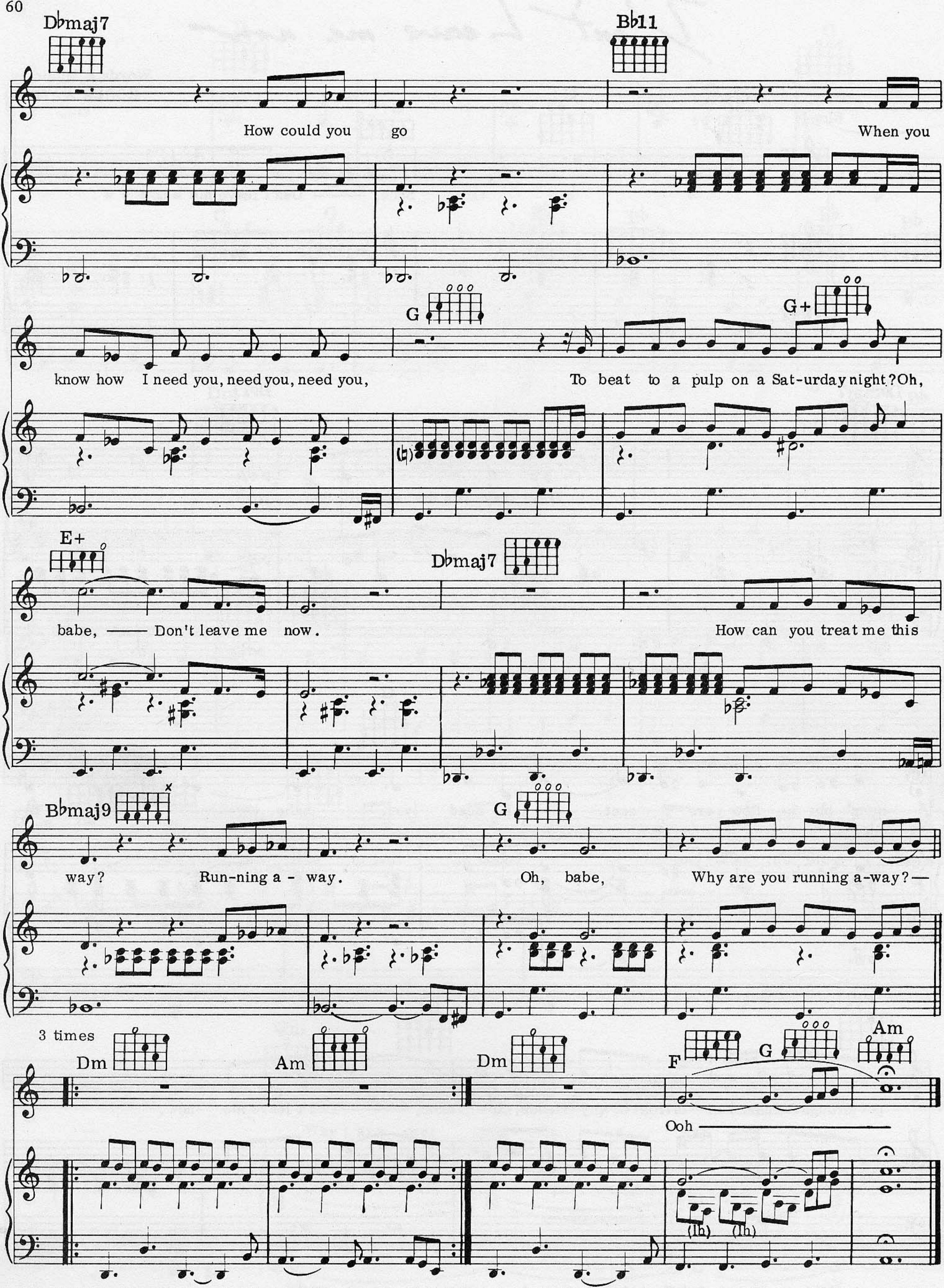
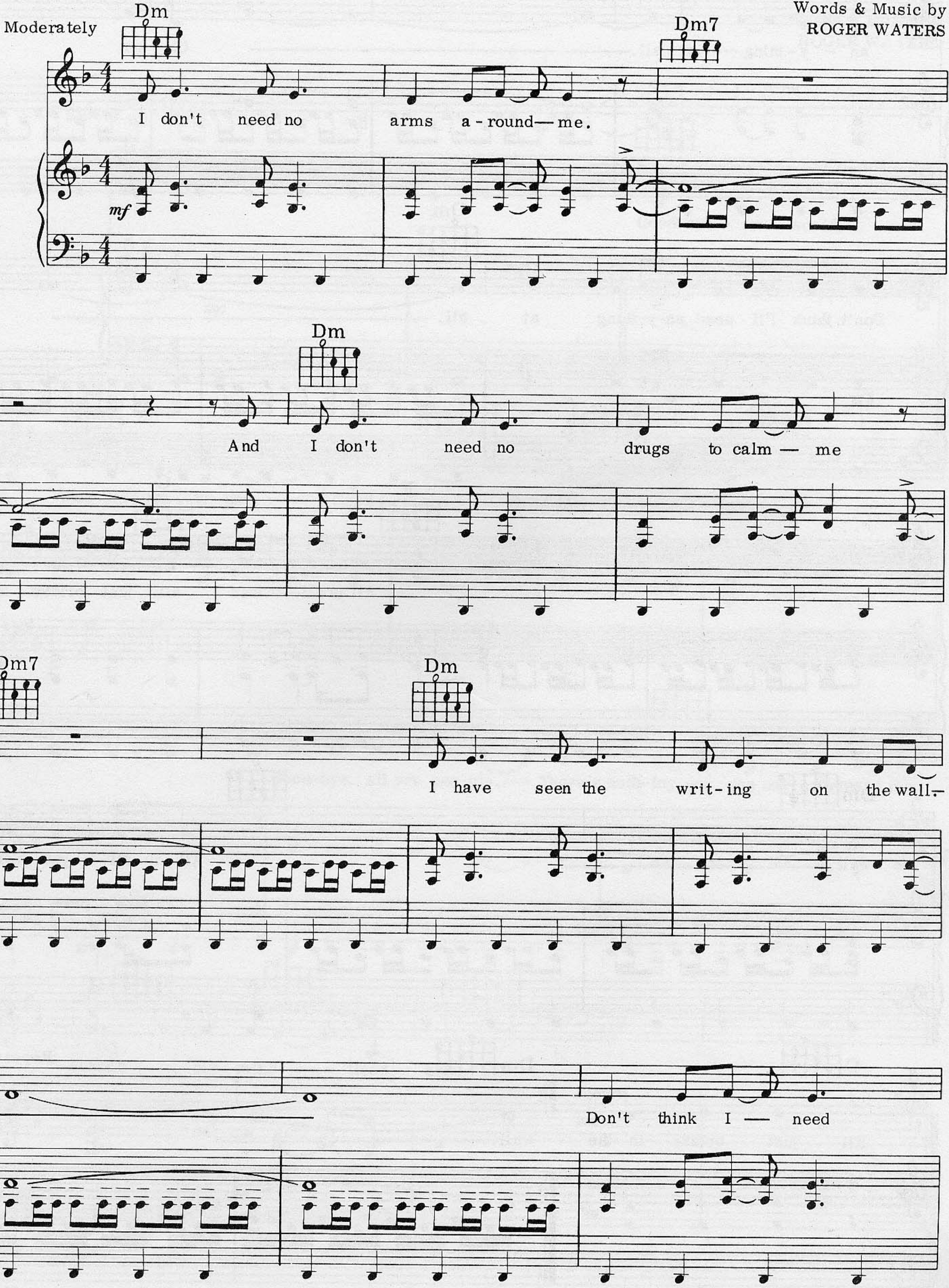

D♭maj7
B♭11
How could you go
When you
know how I need you, need you, need you,
G
To beat to a pulp on a Sat-urday night? Oh,
G+
E+
babe, —— Don't leave me now.
D♭maj7
How can you treat me this
B♭maj9
way? Run-ning a - way.
G
Oh, babe,
Why are you running a-way? —
3 times
Dm
Am
Dm
F
G
Am
Ooh ——
(lh)
(lh)

Another Brick in the Wall. part 3.

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Moderately
Dm
Dm7
mf
I don't need no arms a-round — me.
Dm
And I don't need no drugs to calm — me
Dm7
Dm
I have seen the writ-ing on the wall.
Don't think I — need

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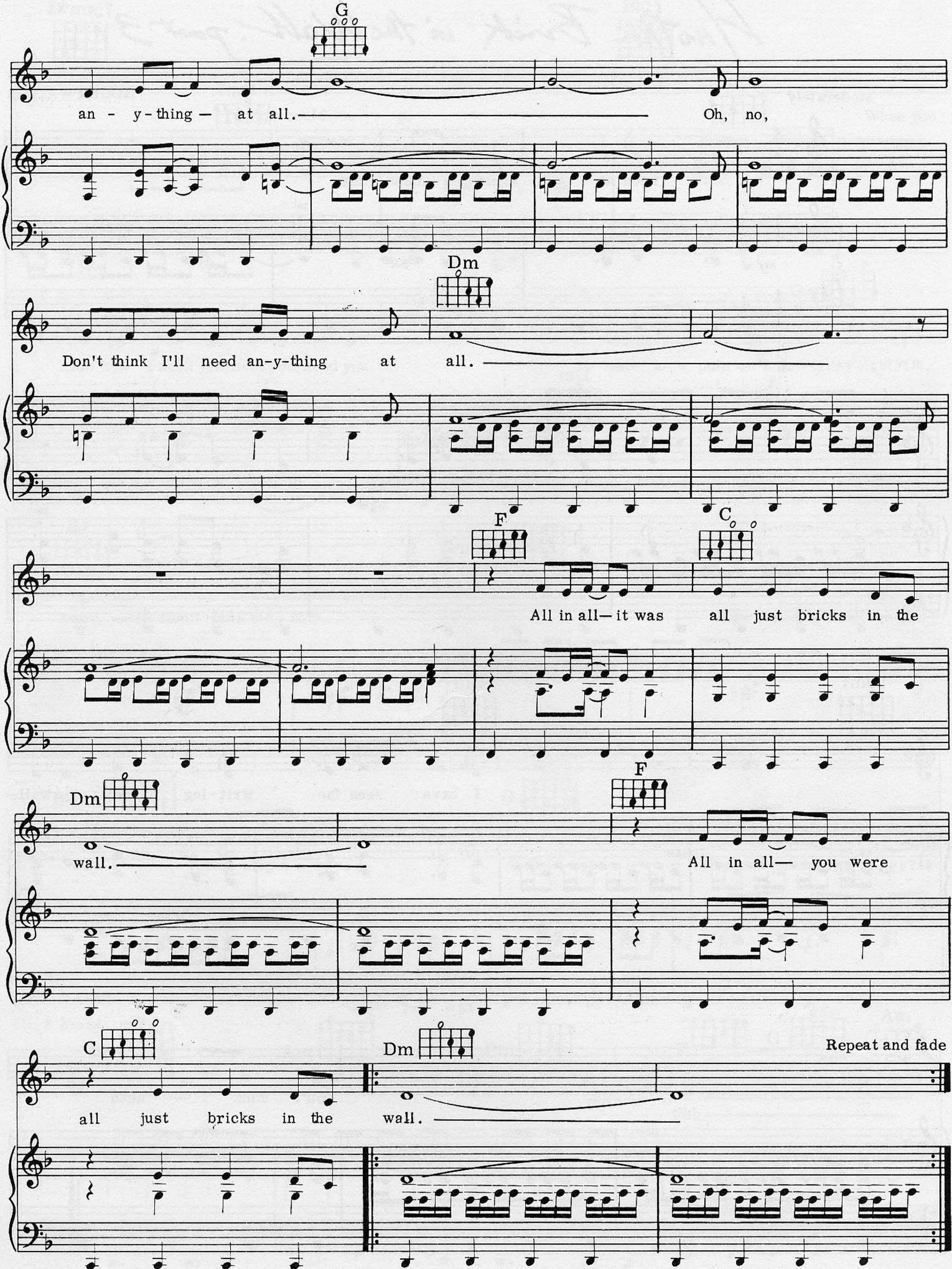
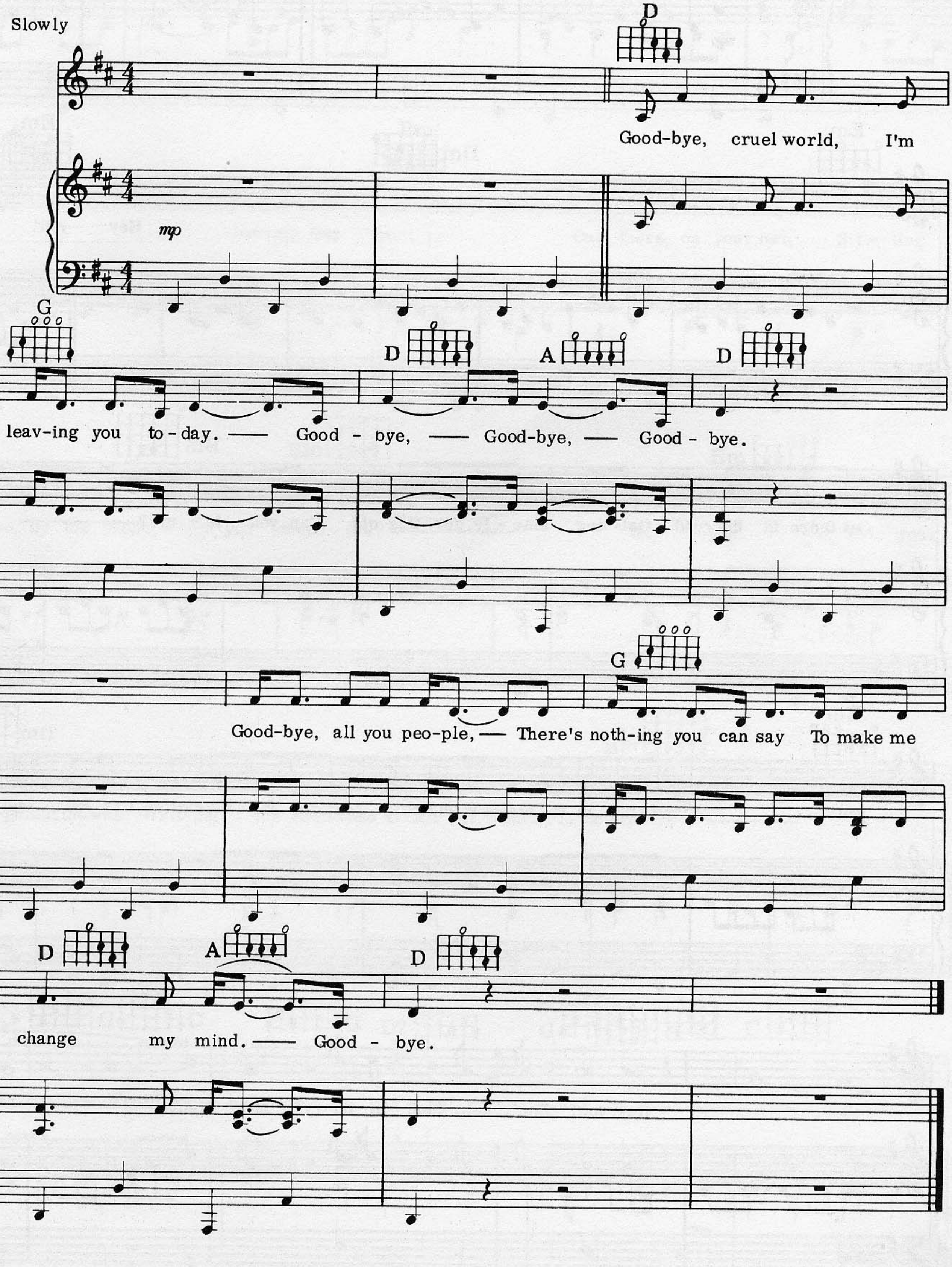

G
an - y - thing — at all.
Oh, no,
Dm
Don't think I'll need an - y - thing at all.
F
C
All in all — it was all just bricks in the
Dm
wall.
F
All in all — you were
C
Dm
all just bricks in the wall.
Repeat and fade

Goodbye Cruel World

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Slowly
mp
D
Good-bye, cruel world, I'm
G
leav-ing you to-day. — Good - bye, — Good-bye, — Good - bye.
D
A
D
Good-bye, all you peo-ple, — There's noth-ing you can say To make me
G
D
A
D
change my mind. — Good - bye.

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Hey you

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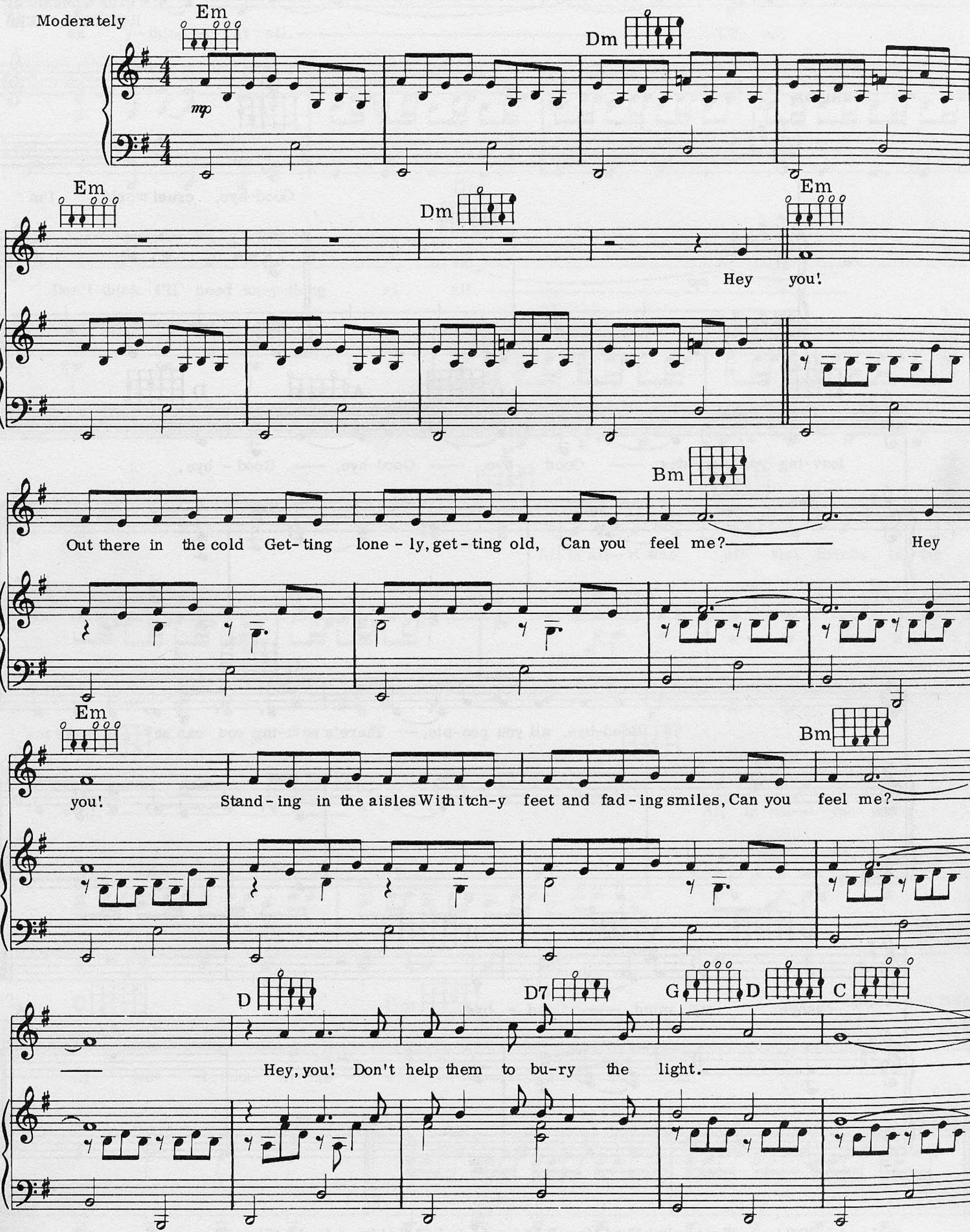
Moderately
Em
mp
Dm
Em
Dm
Em
Hey you!
Out there in the cold Get-ting lone-ly, get-ting old, Can you feel me?
Bm
Hey
Em
you! Stand-ing in the aisles With itch-y feet and fad-ing smiles, Can you feel me?
Bm
D
D7
G
D
C
Hey, you! Don't help them to bu-ry the light.

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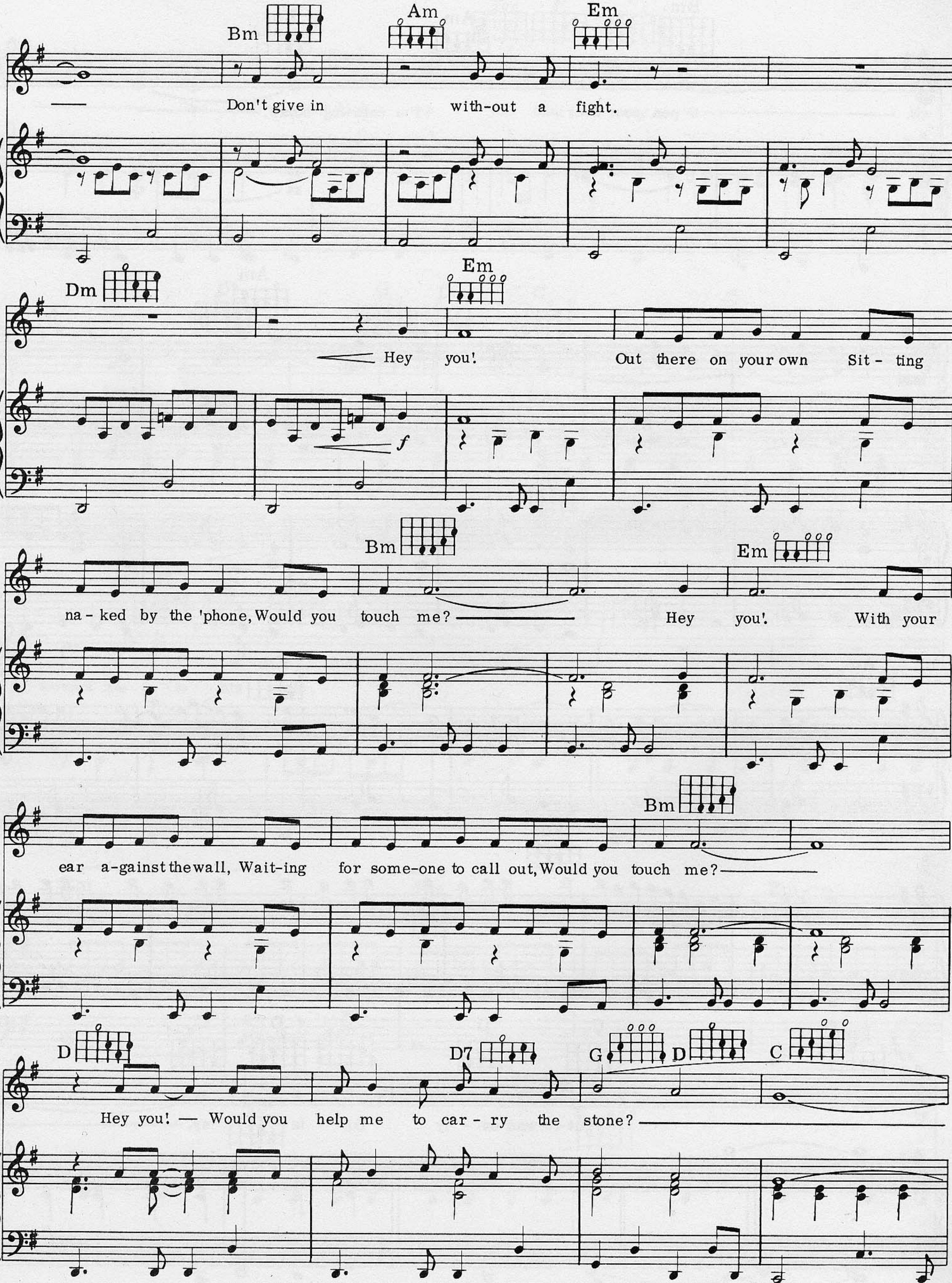
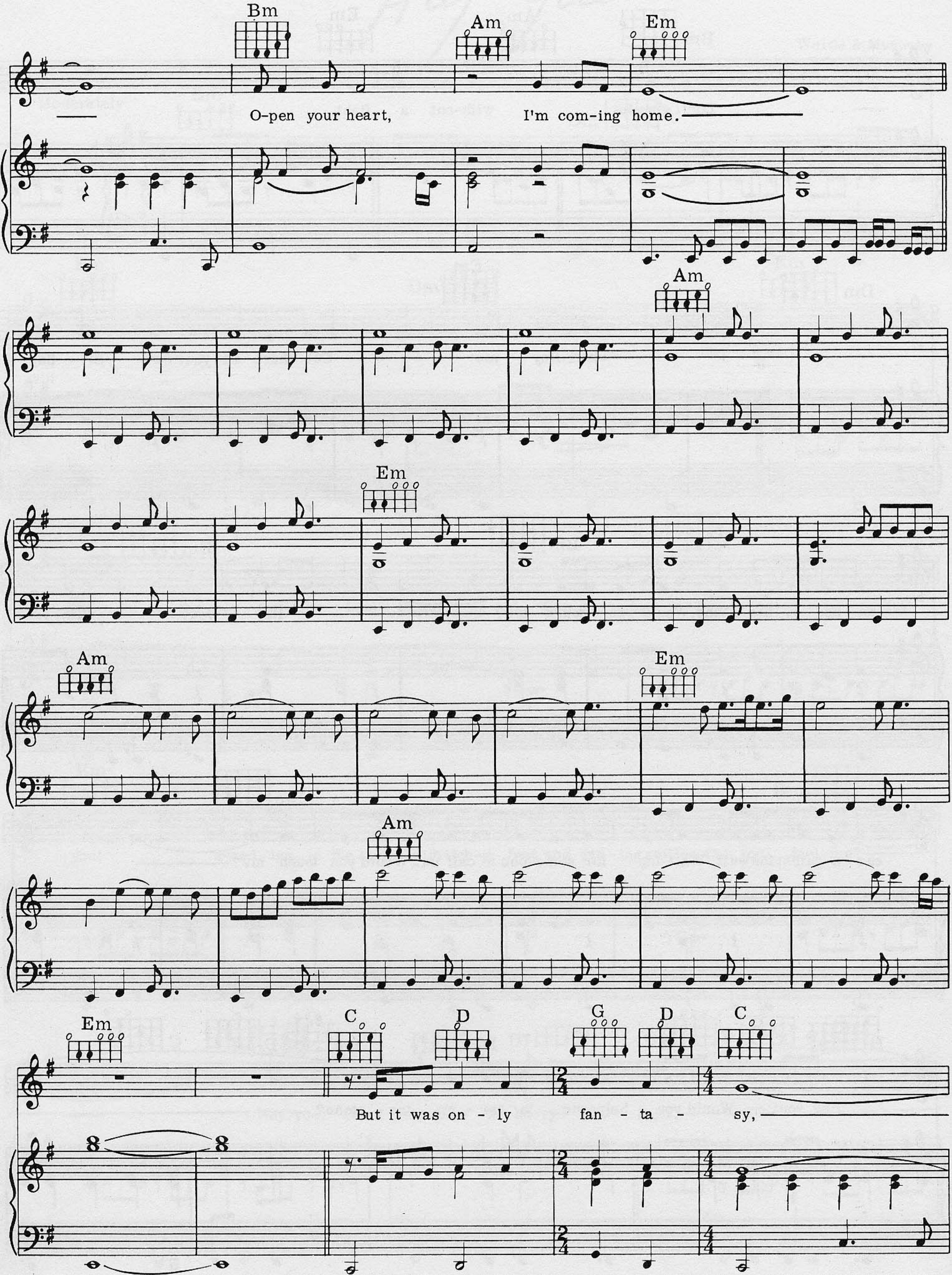
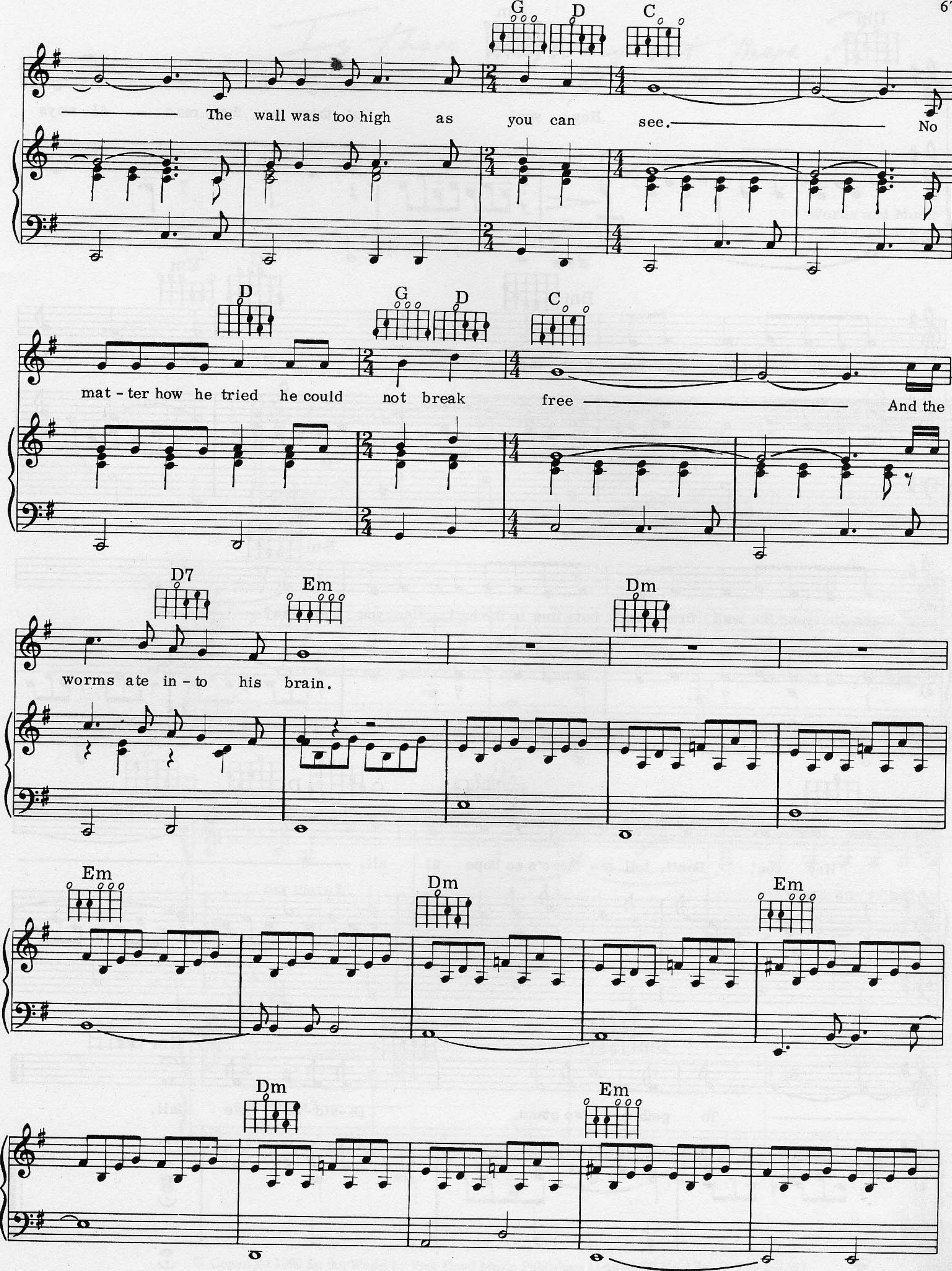
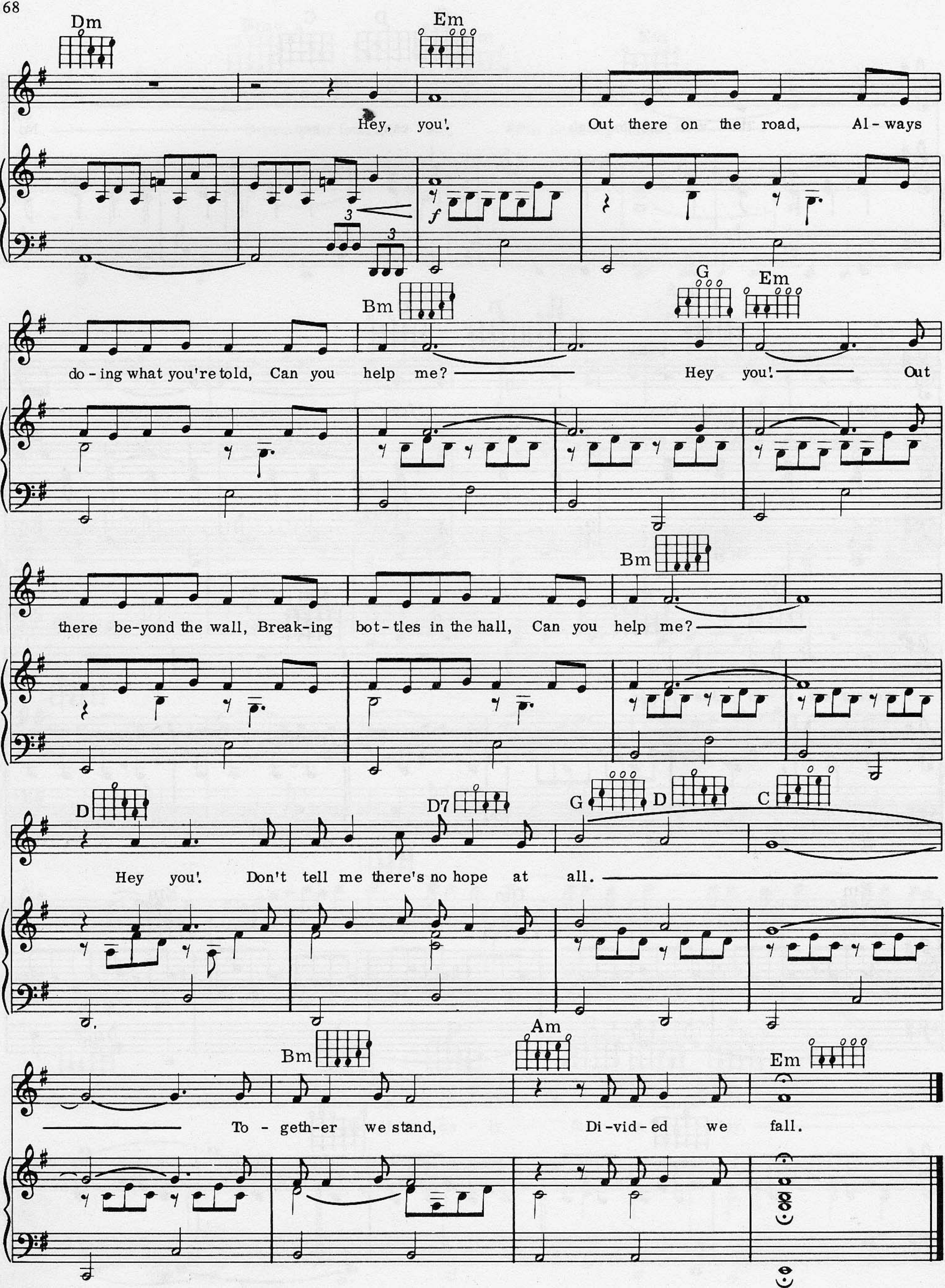

Bm
Am
Em
Don't give in with-out a fight.
Dm
Em
Hey you! Out there on your own Sit - ting
Bm
Em
na - ked by the 'phone, Would you touch me? Hey you! With your
f
Bm
ear a-gainst the wall, Wait-ing for some-one to call out, Would you touch me?
D
D7
G
D
C
Hey you! Would you help me to car - ry the stone?


Bm
Am
Em
O-pen your heart, I'm com-ing home.
Am
Em
Am
Em
Am
Em
C
D
G
D
C
But it was on-ly fan-ta-sy,


G
D
C
The wall was too high as you can see. No
D
G
D
C
mat-ter how he tried he could not break free And the
D7
Em
Dm
worms ate in-to his brain.
Em
Dm
Em
Dm
Em


Dm
Em
Hey, you! Out there on the road, Al - ways
f
3
3
Bm
G
Em
do - ing what you're told, Can you help me?
Hey you!
Out
Bm
there be-yond the wall, Break-ing bot - tles in the hall, Can you help me?
D
D7
G
D
C
Hey you! Don't tell me there's no hope at all.
Bm
Am
Em
To - geth-er we stand, Di - vid - ed we fall.

Is there anybody out there?

Words and Music by
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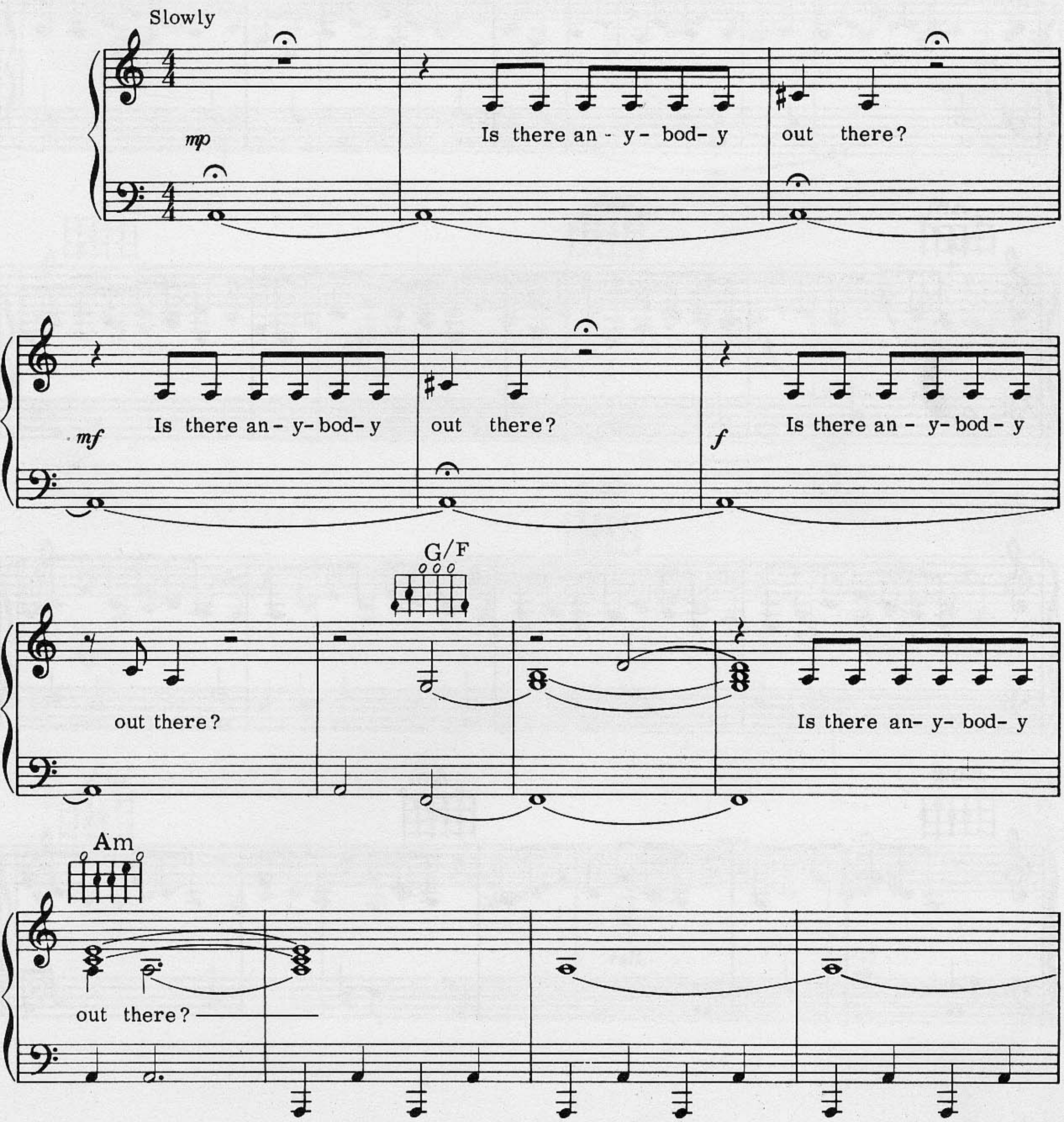
Slowly
mp
Is there an - y - bod - y out there?
mf
Is there an - y - bod - y out there?
f
Is there an - y - bod - y out there?
G/F
Is there an - y - bod - y
Am
out there?

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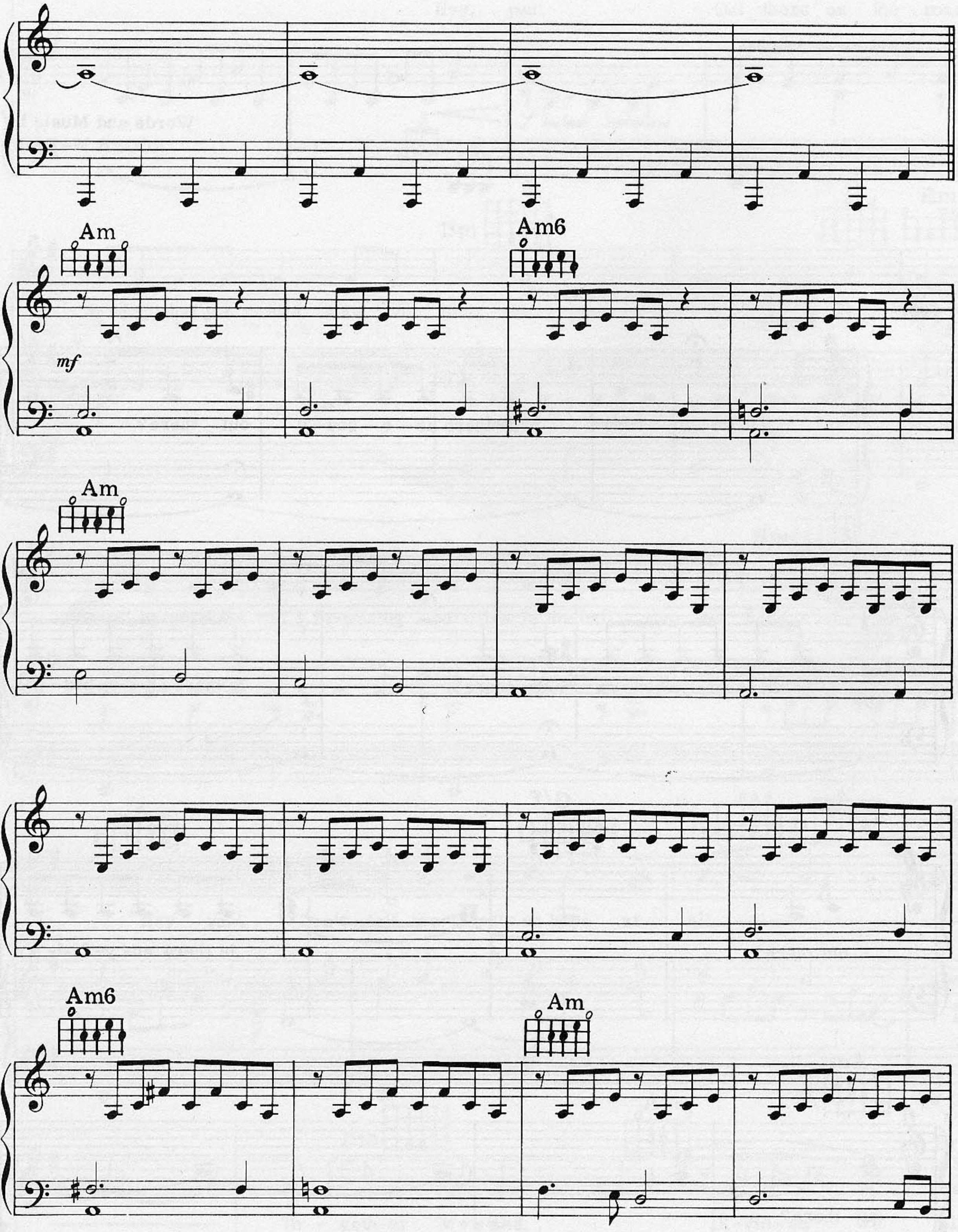
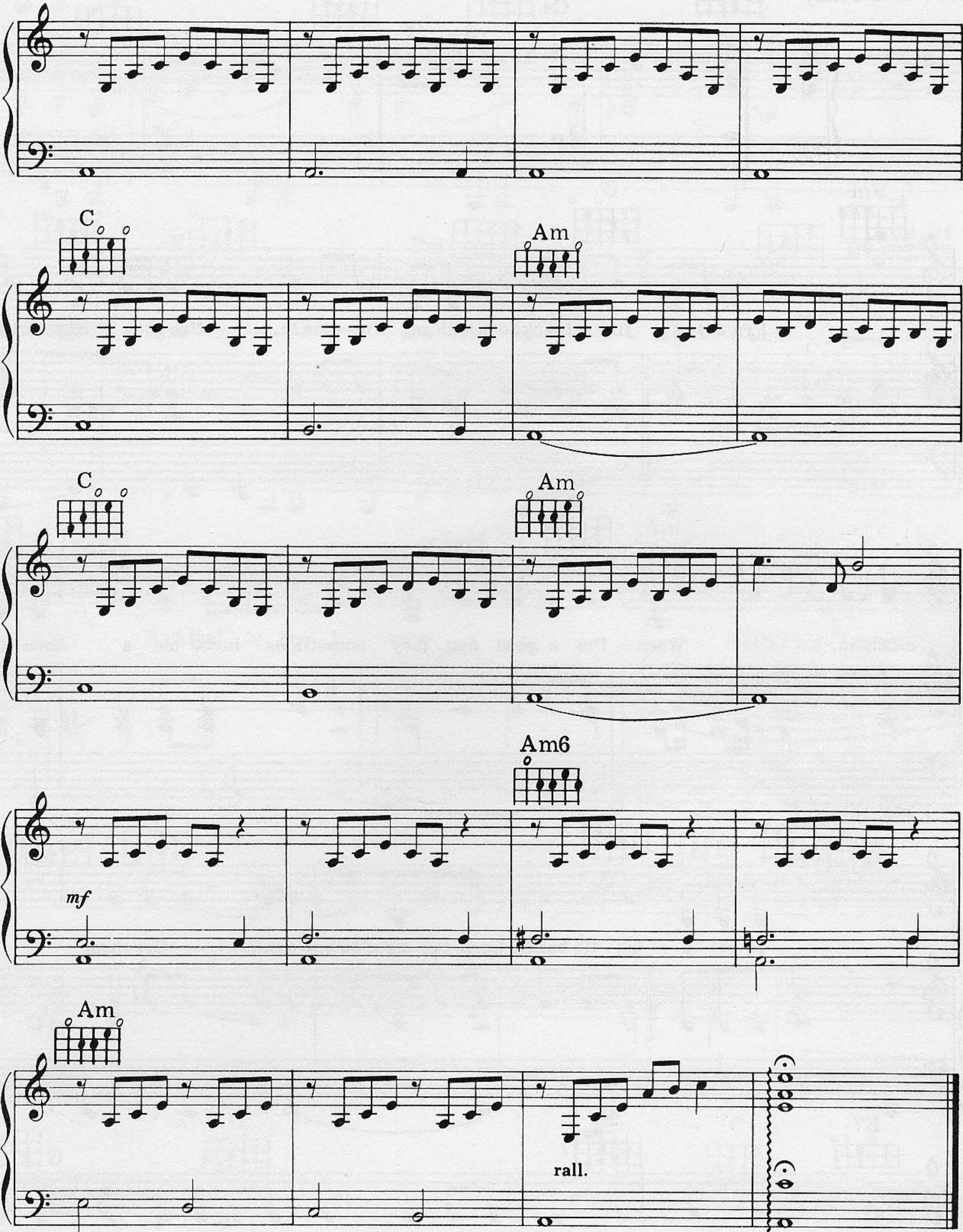
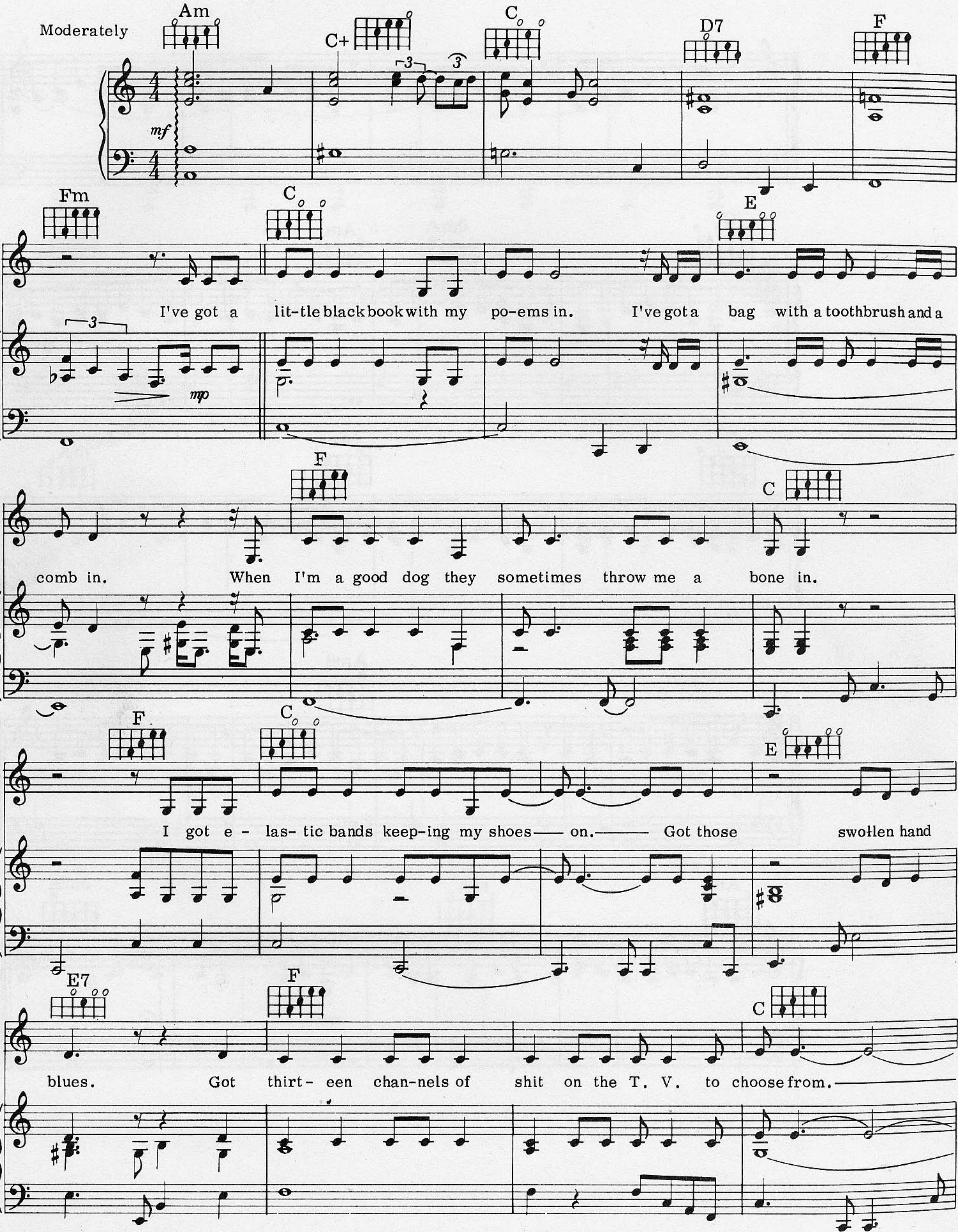
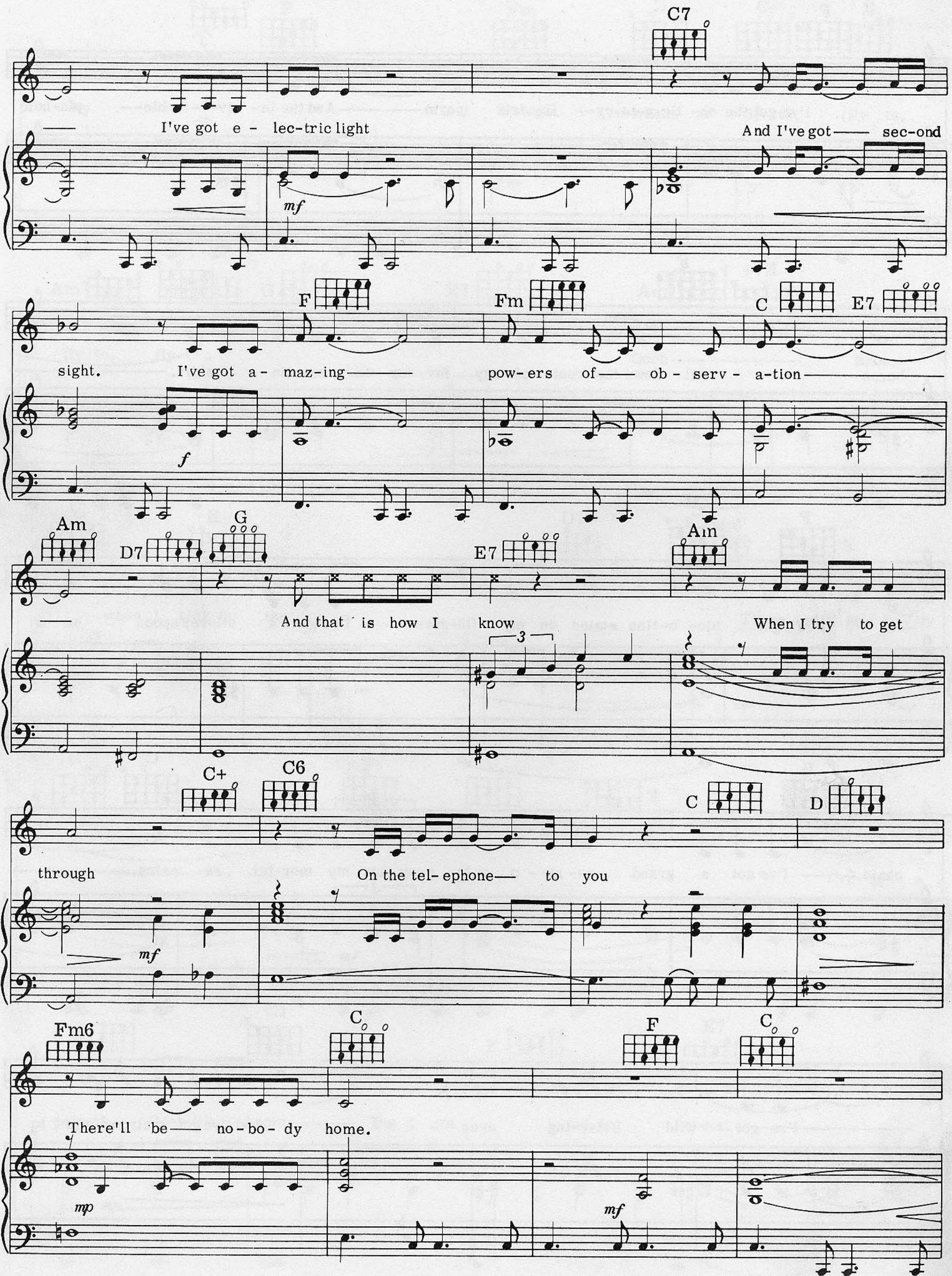

Am
mf
Am6
Am
Am6
Am

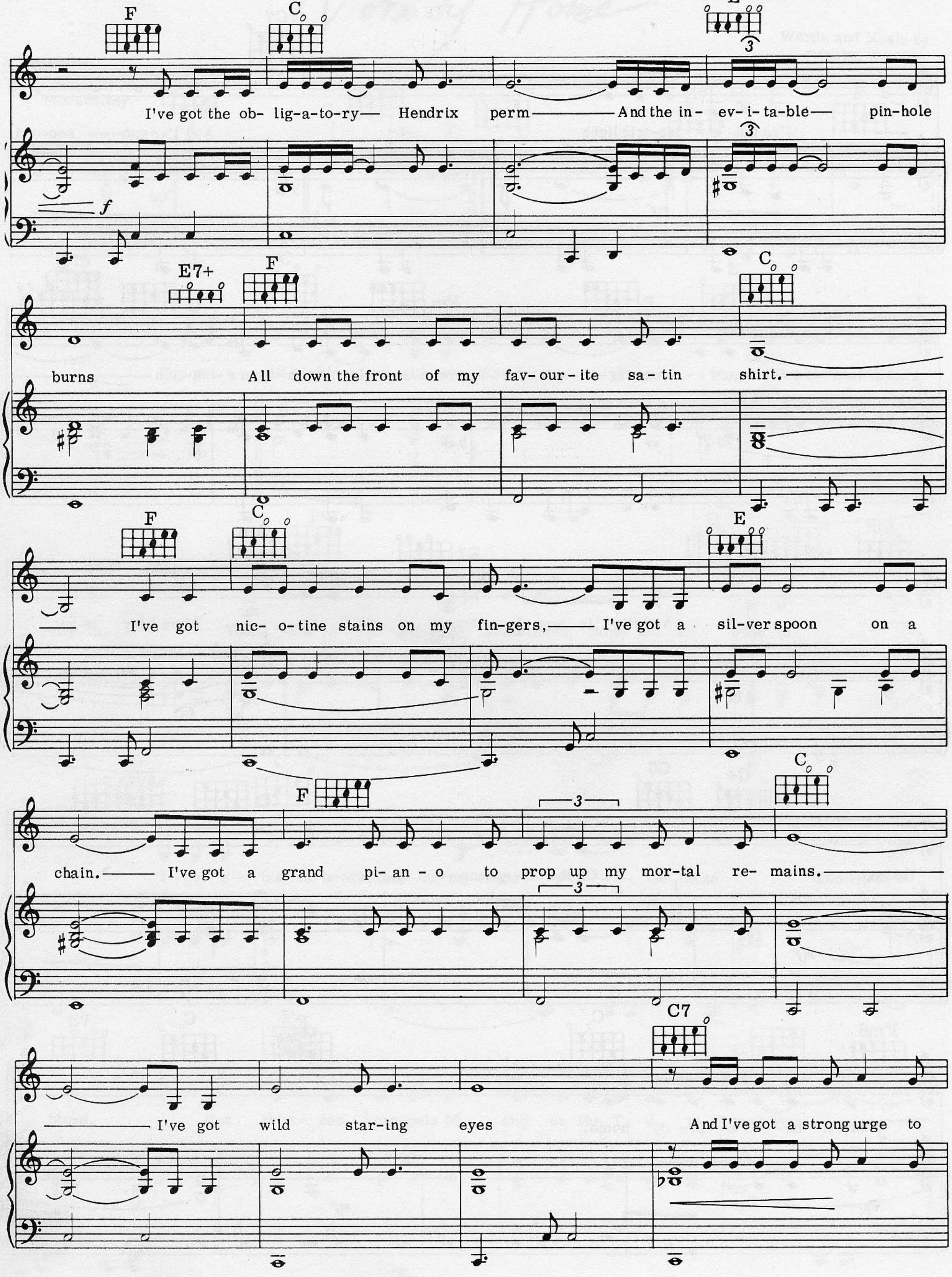

C
Am
C
Am
Am6
mf
Am
rall.

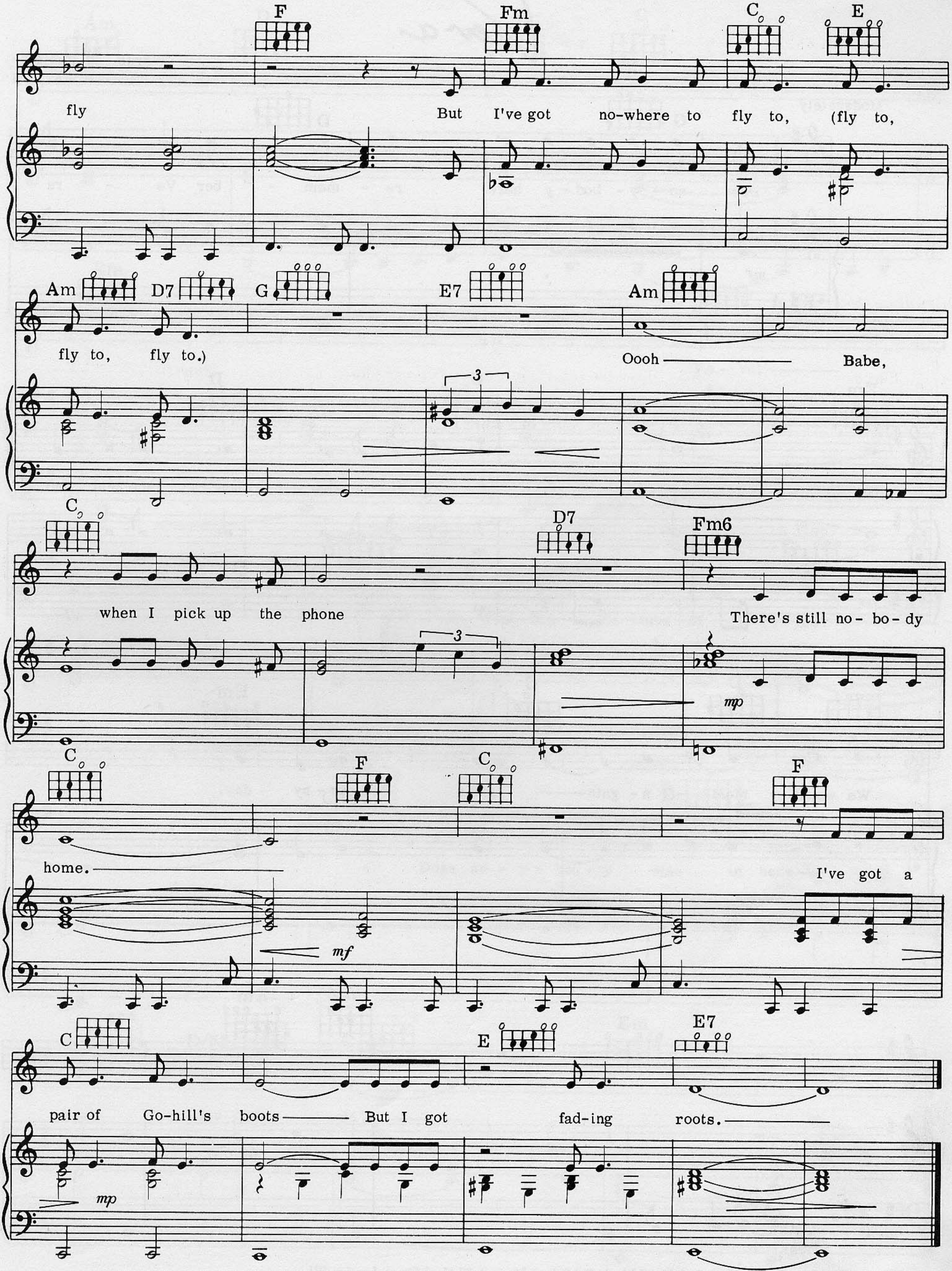
Nobody Home

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS


Moderately
mf
mp
Am
C+
C
D7
F
Fm
E
E7
I've got a lit-tle black book with my po-ems in. I've got a bag with a toothbrush and a
comb in. When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in.
I got e-las-tic bands keep-ing my shoes — on. — Got those swollen hand
blues. Got thirt-een chan-nels of shit on the T. V. to choose from. —

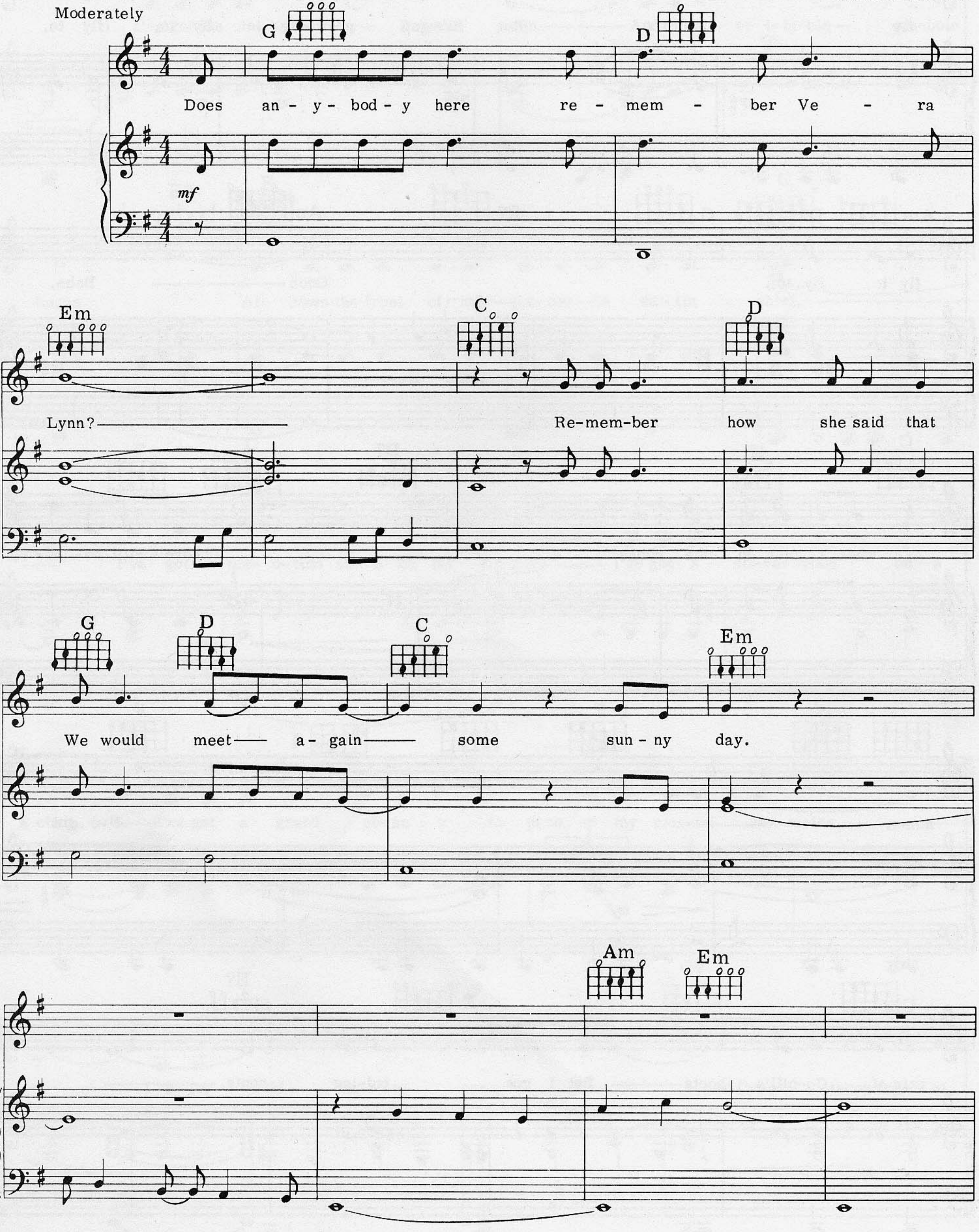

C7
I've got e- lec-tric light
And I've got — sec-ond
mf
F
Fm
C
E7
sight. I've got a- maz-ing — pow-ers of — ob- serv- a-tion —
f
Am
D7
G
E7
Am
And that is how I know
3
When I try to get
C+
C6
C
D
through
On the tel-ephone — to you
mf
Fm6
C
F
C
There'll be — no-bo-dy home.
mp
mf


F
C
E
3
I've got the ob- lig-a-to-ry— Hendrix perm—— And the in- ev-i-ta-ble— pin-hole
f
E7+
F
C
burns—— All down the front of my fav-our-ite sa-tin shirt.——
F
C
E
I've got nic- o-tine stains on my fin-gers,—— I've got a sil-ver spoon on a
F
3
C
chain.—— I've got a grand pi- an- o to prop up my mor-tal re- mains.——
C7
—— I've got wild star-ing eyes And I've got a strong urge to


F
Fm
C
E
fly
But I've got no-where to fly to, (fly to,
Am
D7
G
E7
Am
fly to, fly to.)
Oooh Babe,
C
D7
Fm6
when I pick up the phone
There's still no-bo-dy
mp
C
F
C
F
home.
I've got a
mf
C
E
E7
pair of Go-hill's boots
But I got fad-ing roots.
mp

Vera

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS


Moderately
G
D
Does any-y-bod-y here re-mem-ber Ve-ra
mf
Em
C
D
Lynn?
Re-mem-ber how she said that
G
D
C
Em
We would meet a-gain some sun-ny day.
Am
Em

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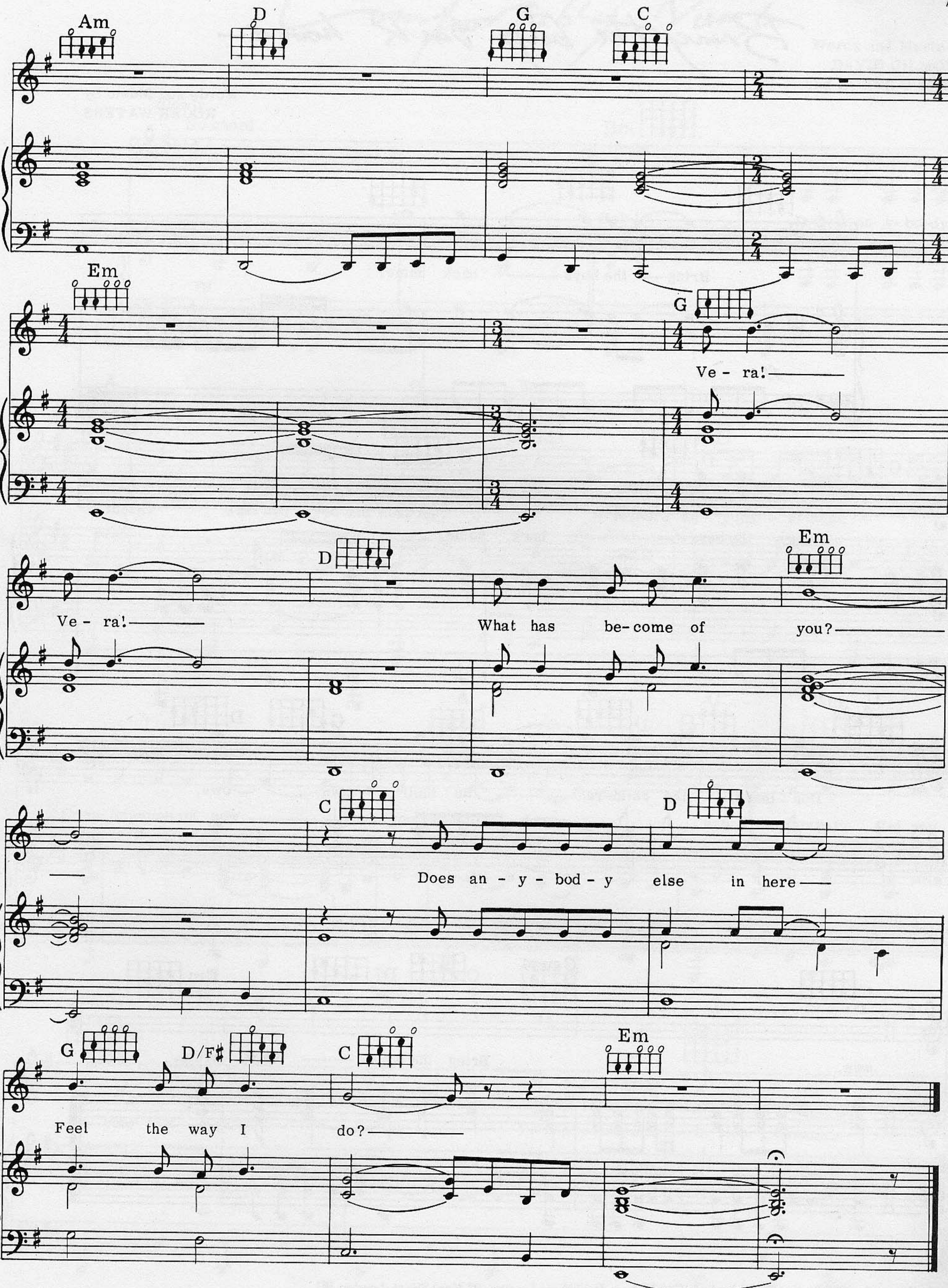
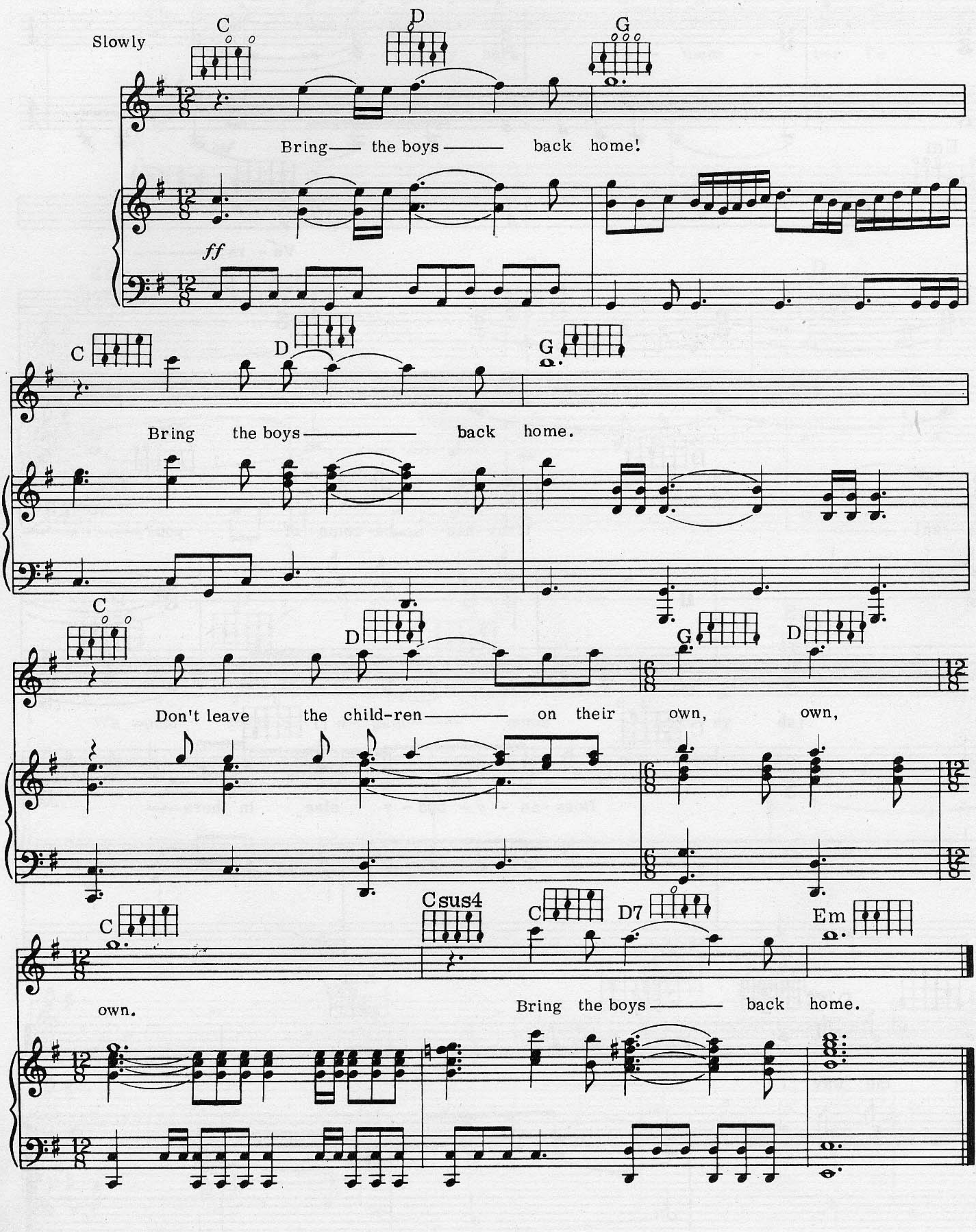

Am
D
G
C
Em
G
Ve - ra!
Ve - ra!
D
What has be-come of you?
Em
C
Does an - y - bod - y else in here
D
G
D/F♯
C
Feel the way I do?
Em

Bring the boys back home

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS


Slowly
C
D
G
Bring — the boys — back home!
ff
C
D
G
Bring the boys — back home.
C
D
G
D
Don't leave the child-ren — on their own, own,
C
Csus4
C
D7
Em
own. Bring the boys — back home.

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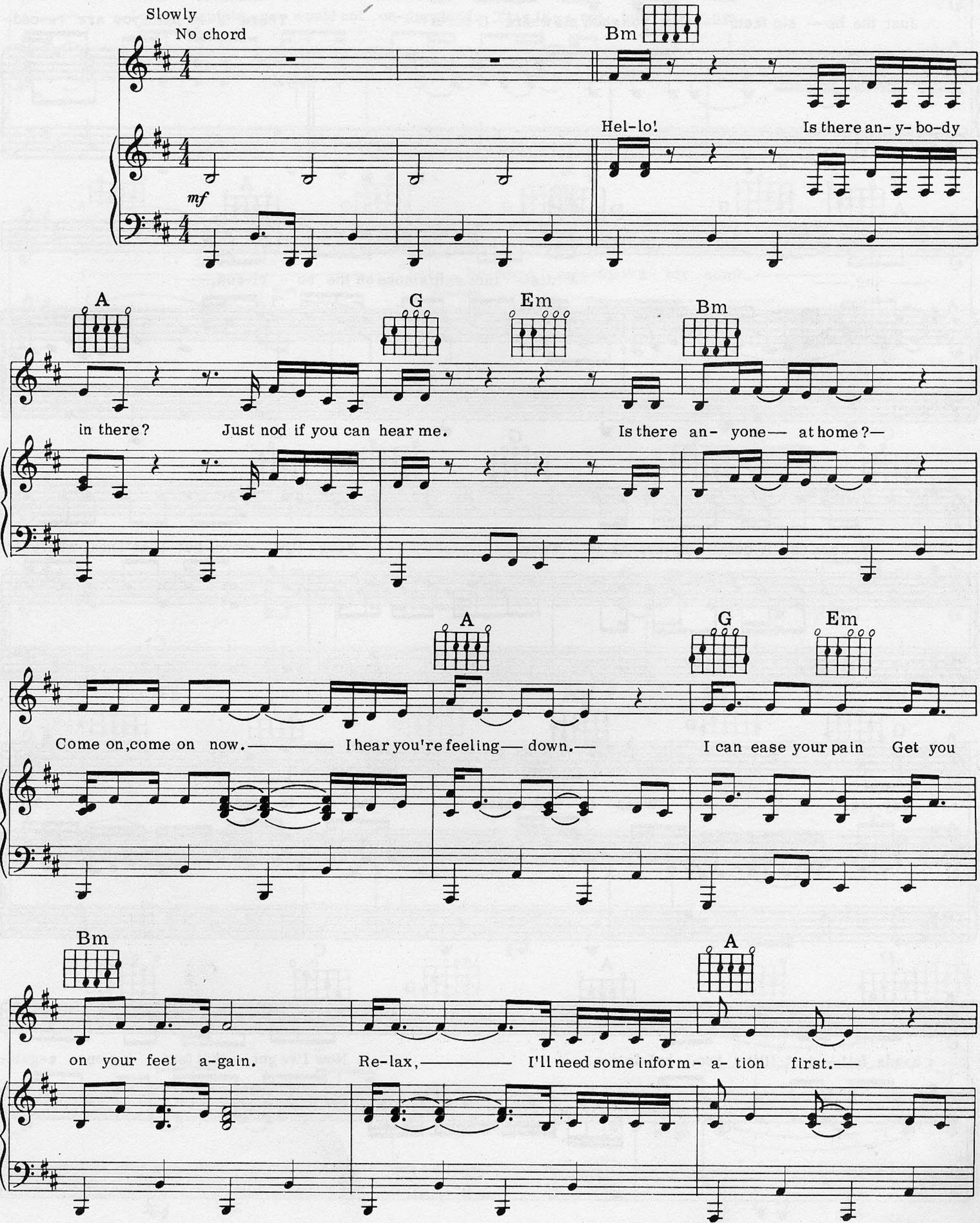
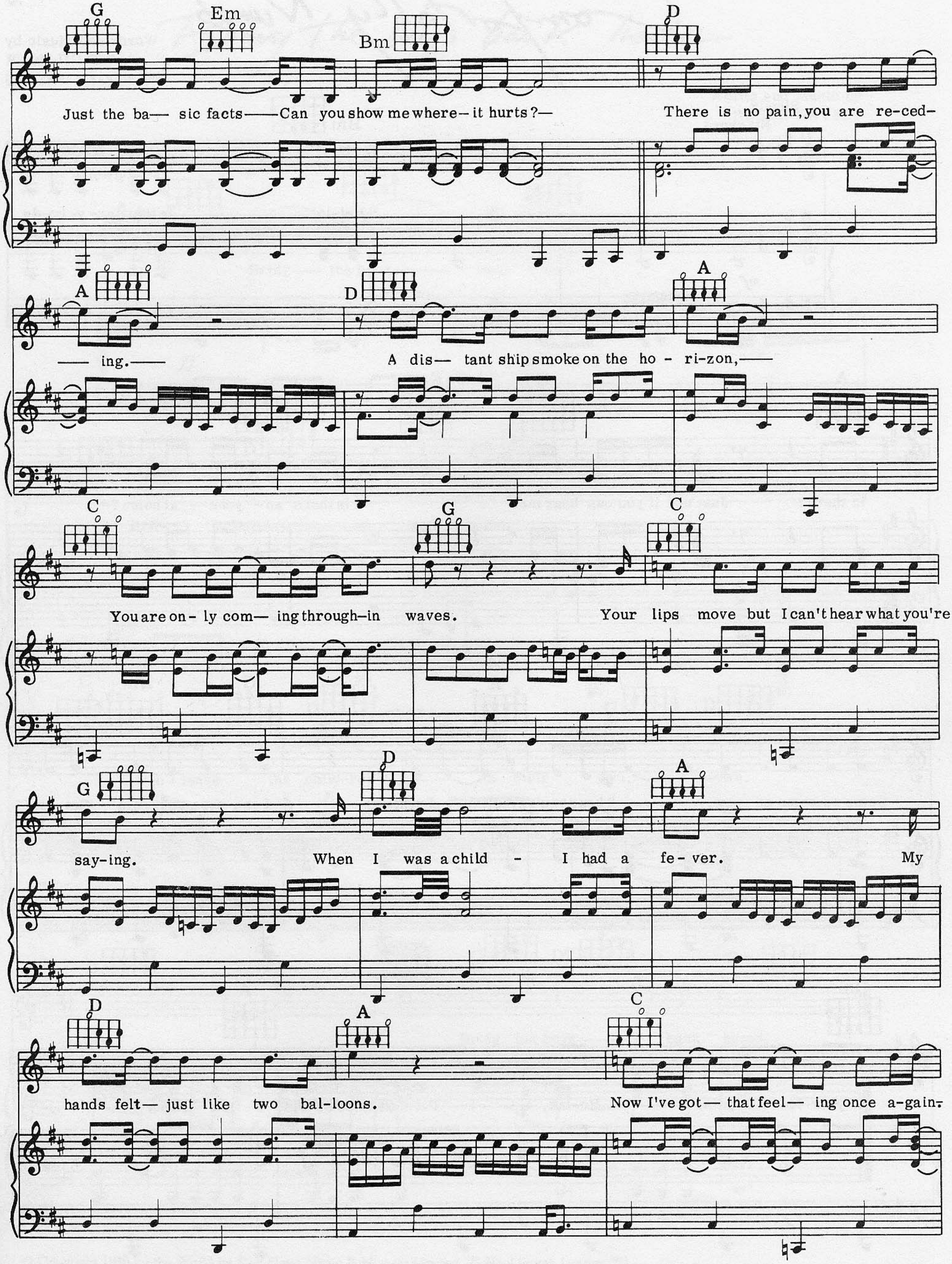
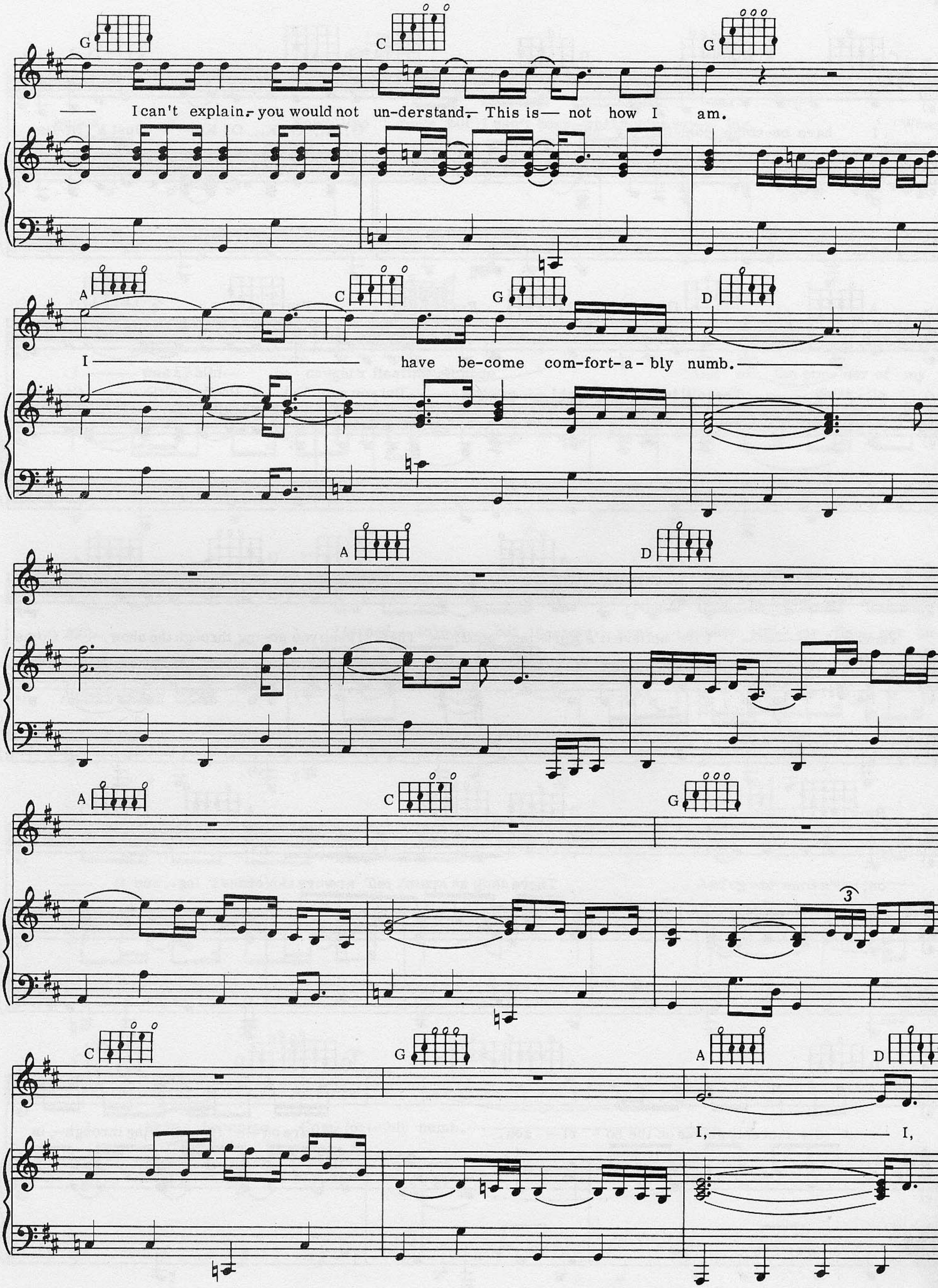
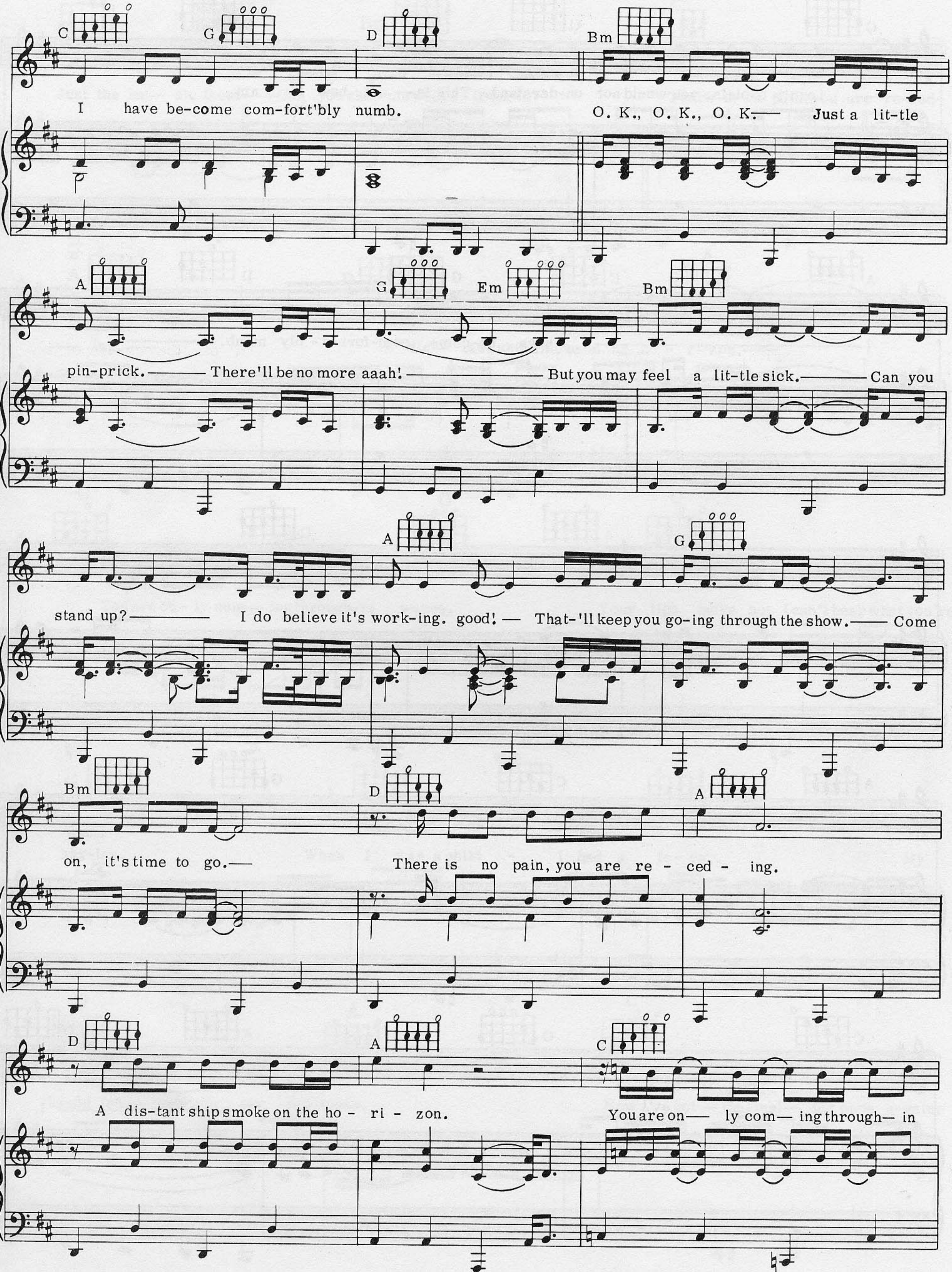
Comfortably Numb

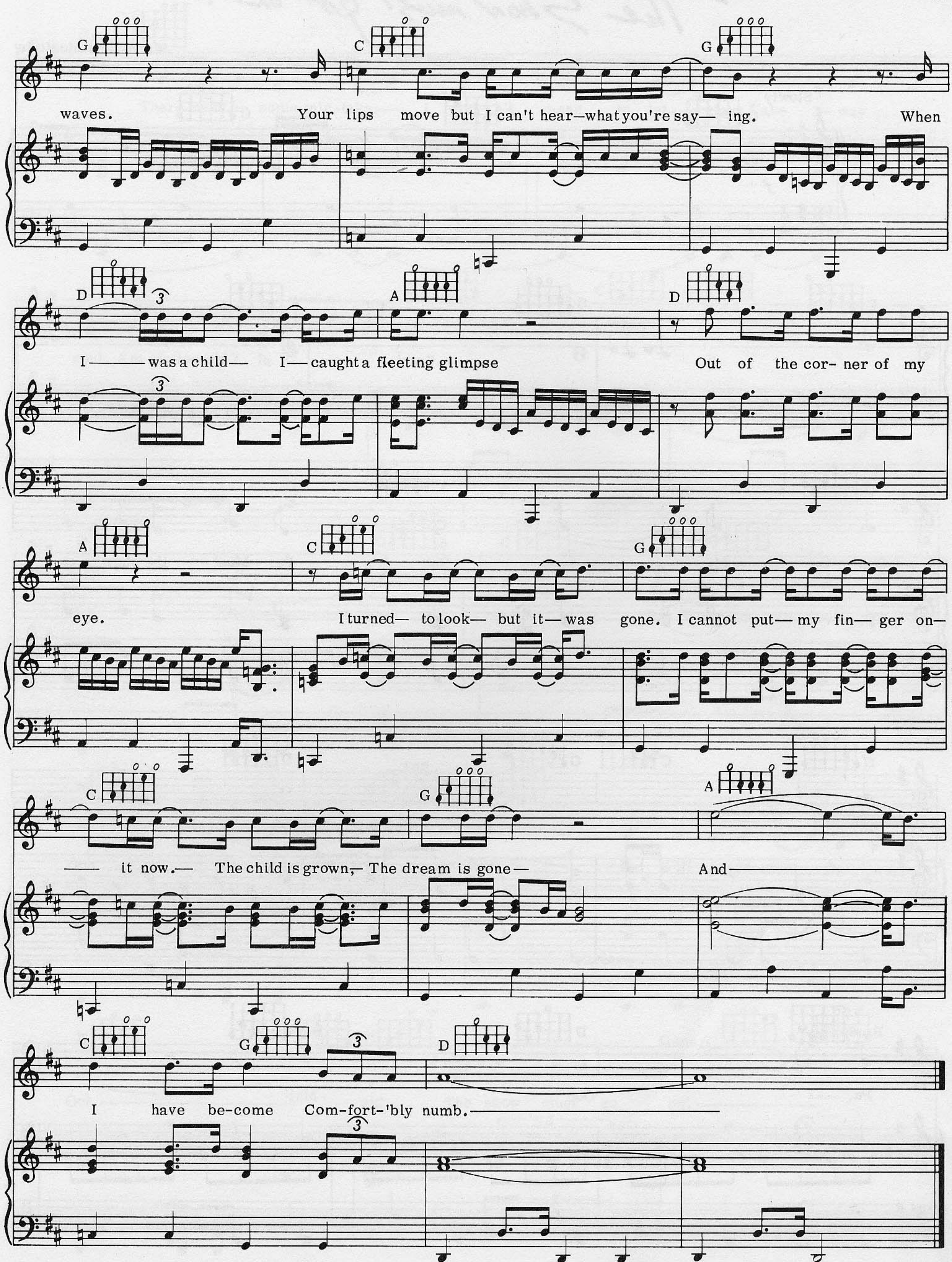
Words and Music by
DAVID GILMOUR
and ROGER WATERS


Slowly
No chord
mf
Bm
Hel-lo! Is there an-y-bo-dy
A
G
Em
Bm
in there? Just nod if you can hear me. Is there an-yone— at home?—
A
G
Em
Come on, come on now.— I hear you're feeling— down.— I can ease your pain Get you
Bm
A
on your feet a-gain. Re-lax,— I'll need some inform-a-tion first.—


G Em Bm D
Just the ba-sic facts—Can you show me where-it hurts?— There is no pain, you are re-ced-
A D A
—ing.— A dis-tant ship smoke on the ho-ri-zon,—
C G C
You are on-ly com-ing through-in waves. Your lips move but I can't hear what you're
G D A
say-ing. When I was a child - I had a fe-ver. My
D A C
hands felt—just like two bal-loons. Now I've got—that feel-ing once a-gain.

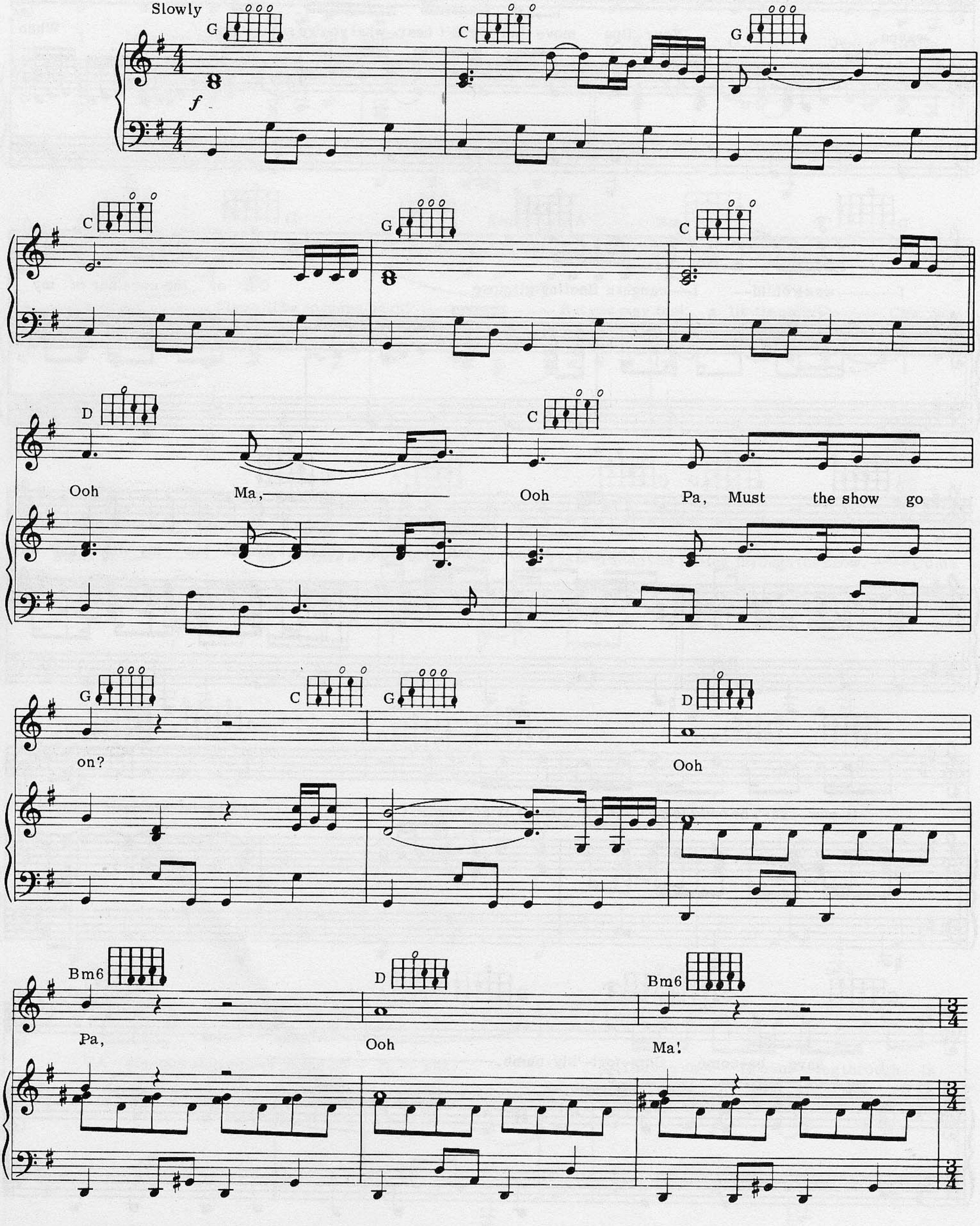

G
C
G
I can't explain — you would not understand — This is — not how I am.
A
C
G
D
I — have become comfortably numb. —
A
D
A
C
G
C
G
A
D
I, — I,
3

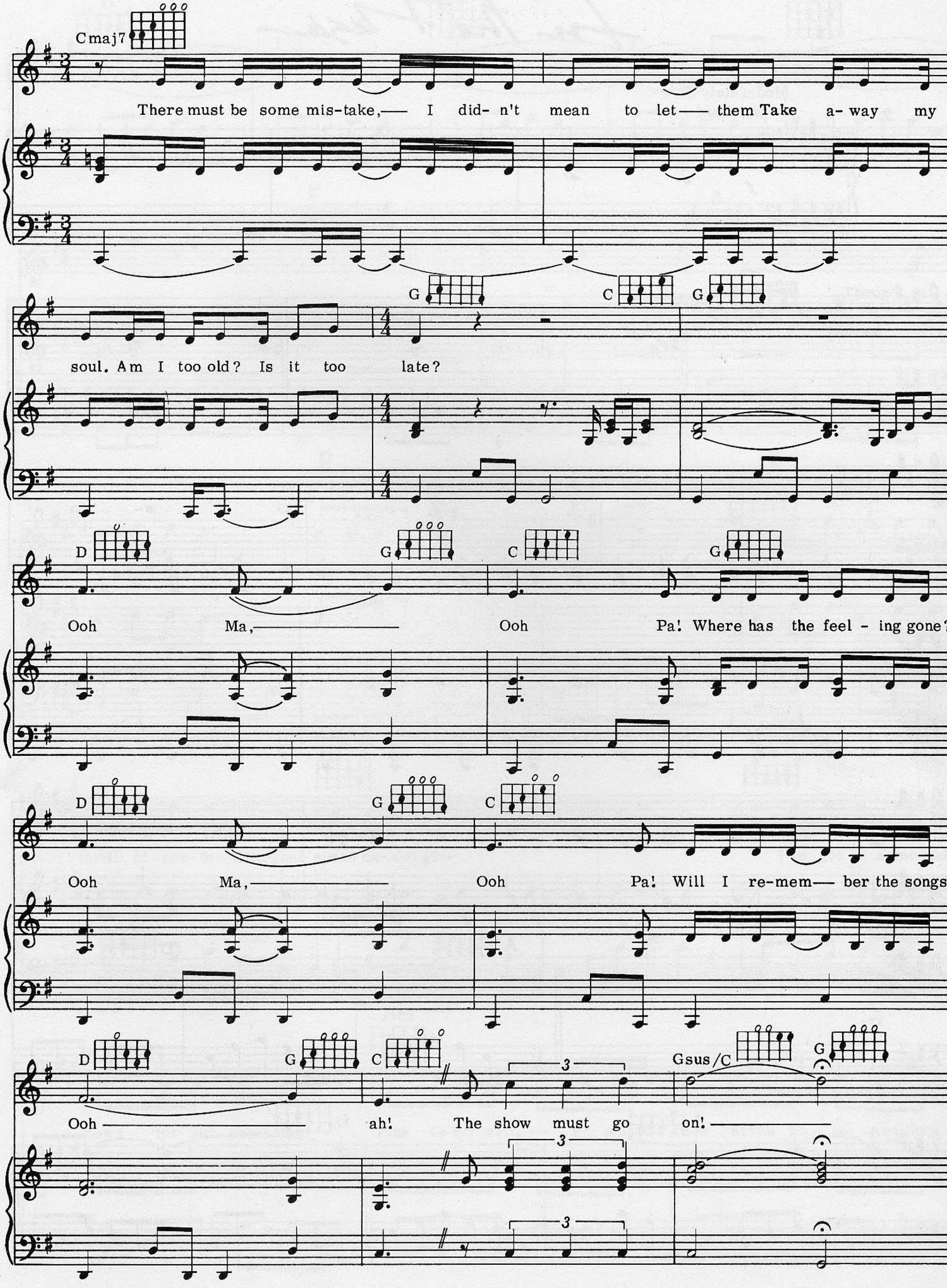

C
G
D
Bm
I have be-come com-fort'bly numb.
O. K., O. K., O. K.
Just a lit-tle
A
G
Em
Bm
pin-prick.
There'll be no more aaah!
But you may feel a lit-tle sick.
Can you
A
G
stand up?
I do believe it's work-ing. good!
That-'ll keep you go-ing through the show.
Come
Bm
D
A
on, it's time to go.
There is no pain, you are re-ced-ing.
D
A
C
A dis-tant ship smoke on the ho-ri-zon.
You are on-ly com-ing through-in


G C G
waves. Your lips move but I can't hear—what you're say— ing. When
D A D
I —— was a child— I— caught a fleeting glimpse Out of the cor- ner of my
A C G
eye. I turned— to look— but it— was gone. I cannot put— my fin— ger on—
C G A
—— it now.— The child is grown,— The dream is gone— And ——
C G D
I have be-come Com-fort-'bly numb.——

The Show must go on.

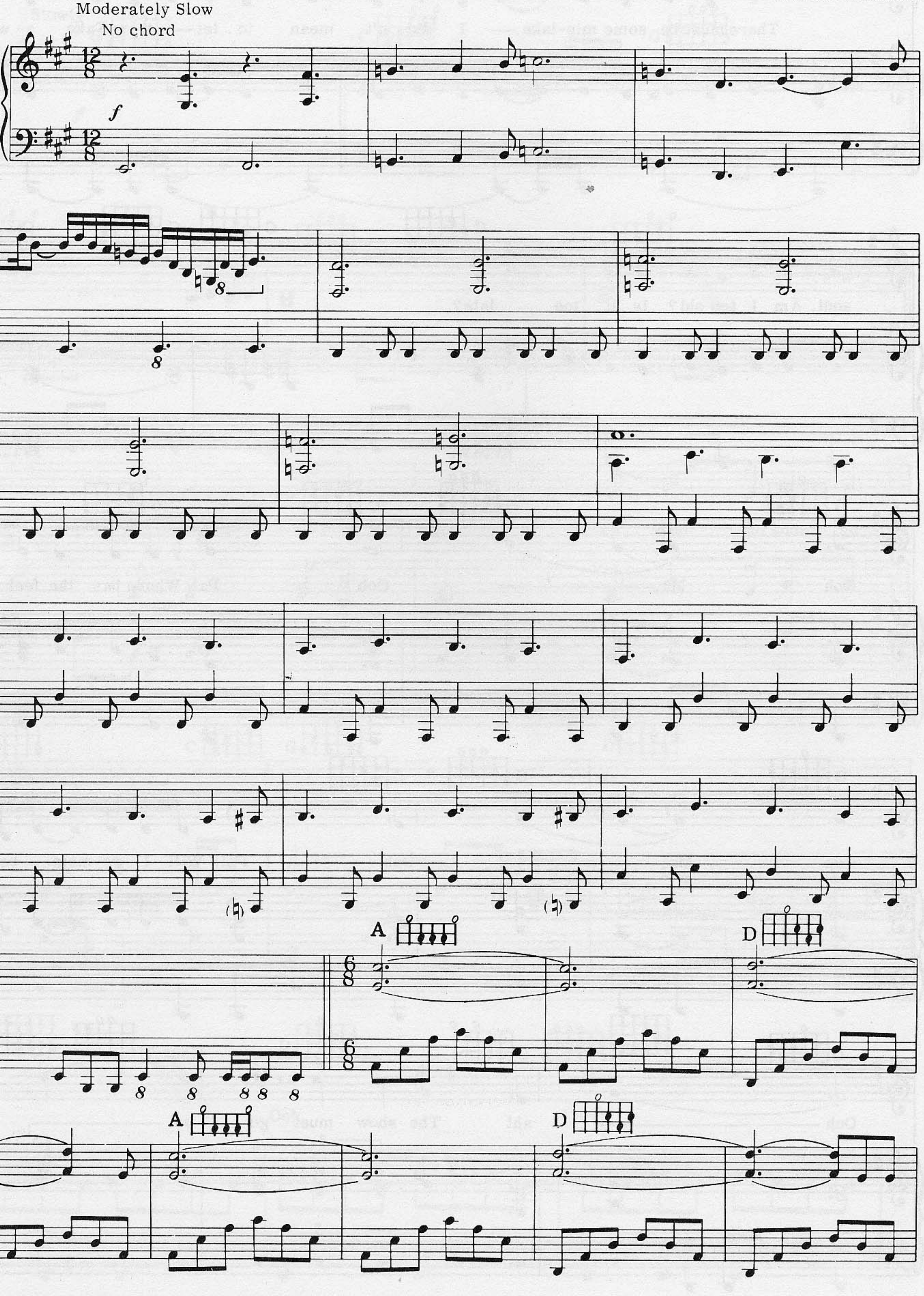
Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

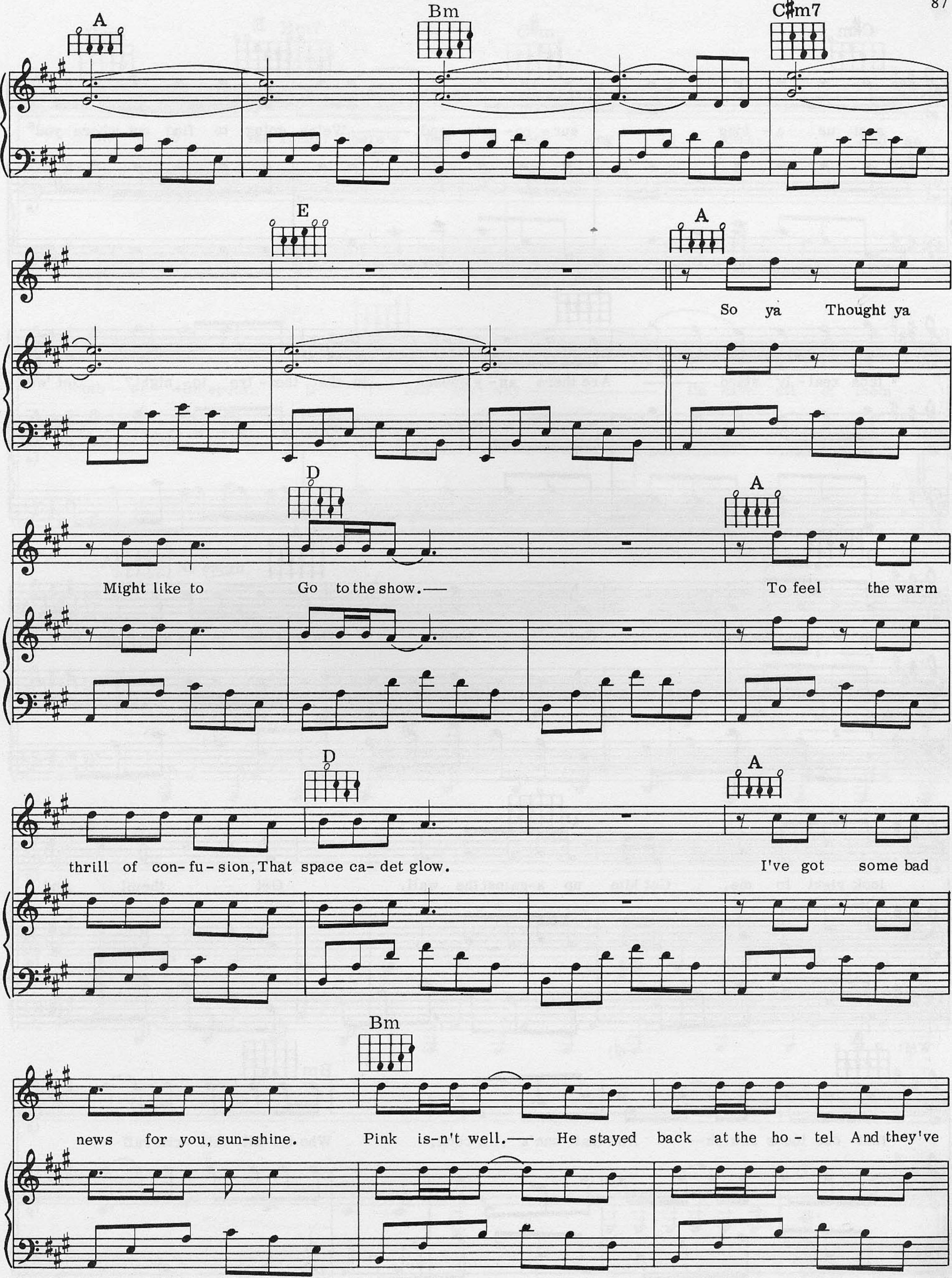

Slowly
G
C
G
f
C
G
C
D
C
Ooh Ma,
Ooh Pa, Must the show go
G
C
G
D
on?
Ooh
Bm6
Pa,
D
Ooh
Bm6
Ma!

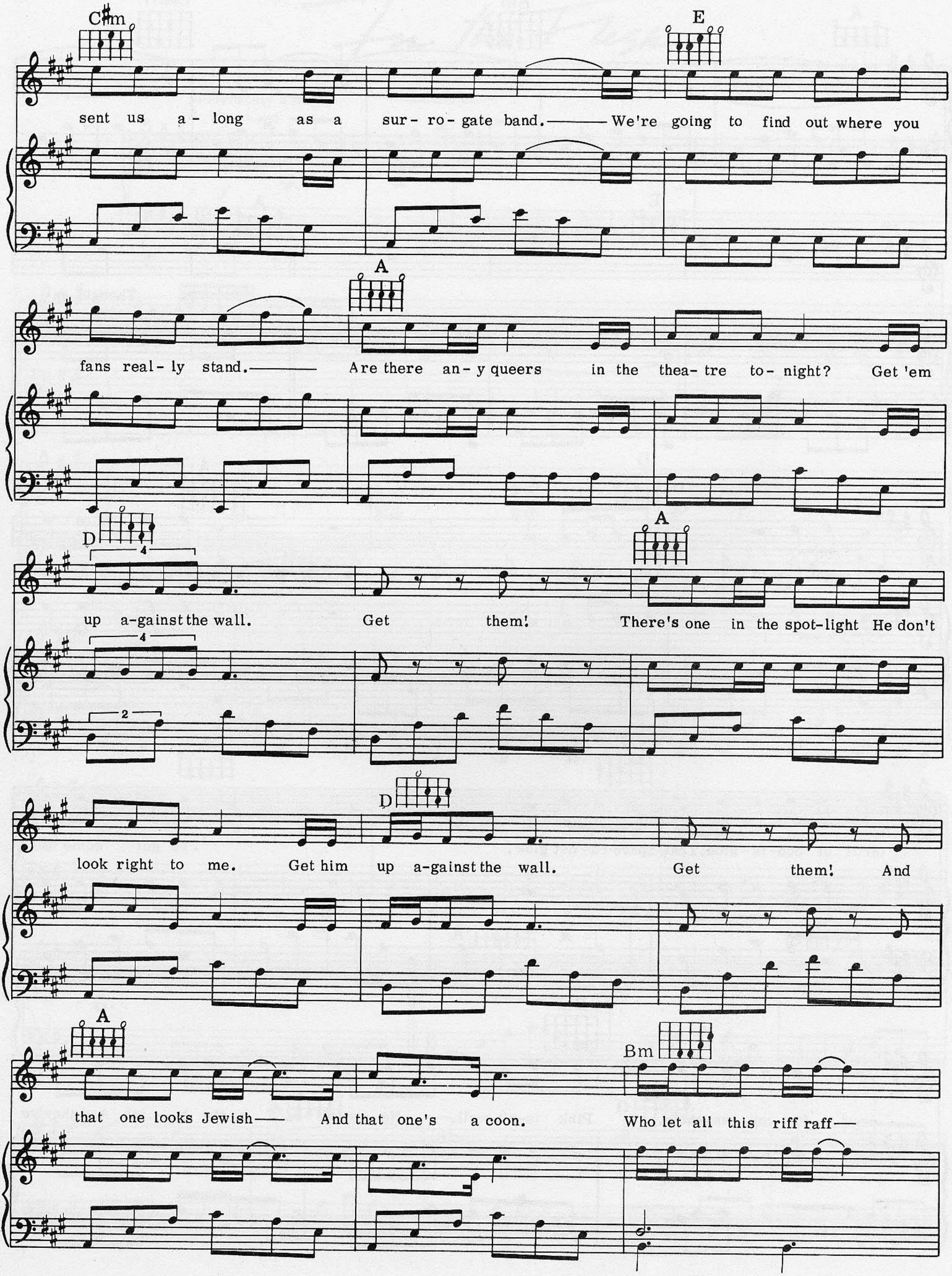

Cmaj7
There must be some mis-take, I did-n't mean to let them Take a-way my
G
C
G
soul. Am I too old? Is it too late?
D
G
C
G
Ooh Ma, Ooh Pa! Where has the feel - ing gone?
D
G
C
Ooh Ma, Ooh Pa! Will I re-mem- ber the songs
D
G
C
Gsus/C
G
Ooh ah! The show must go on!
3

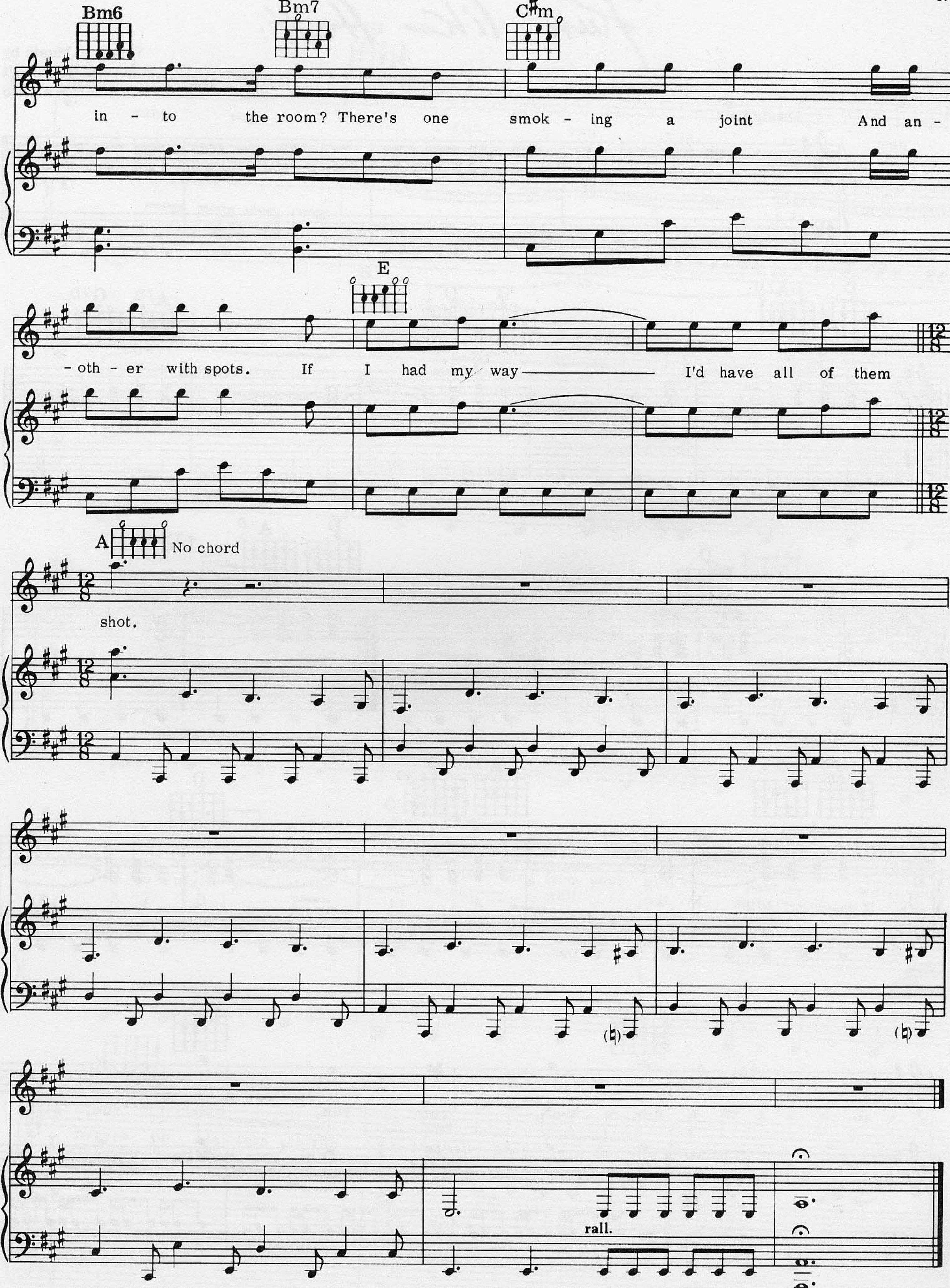
In the Flesh

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS


Moderately Slow
No chord
f
8
A
D
A
D

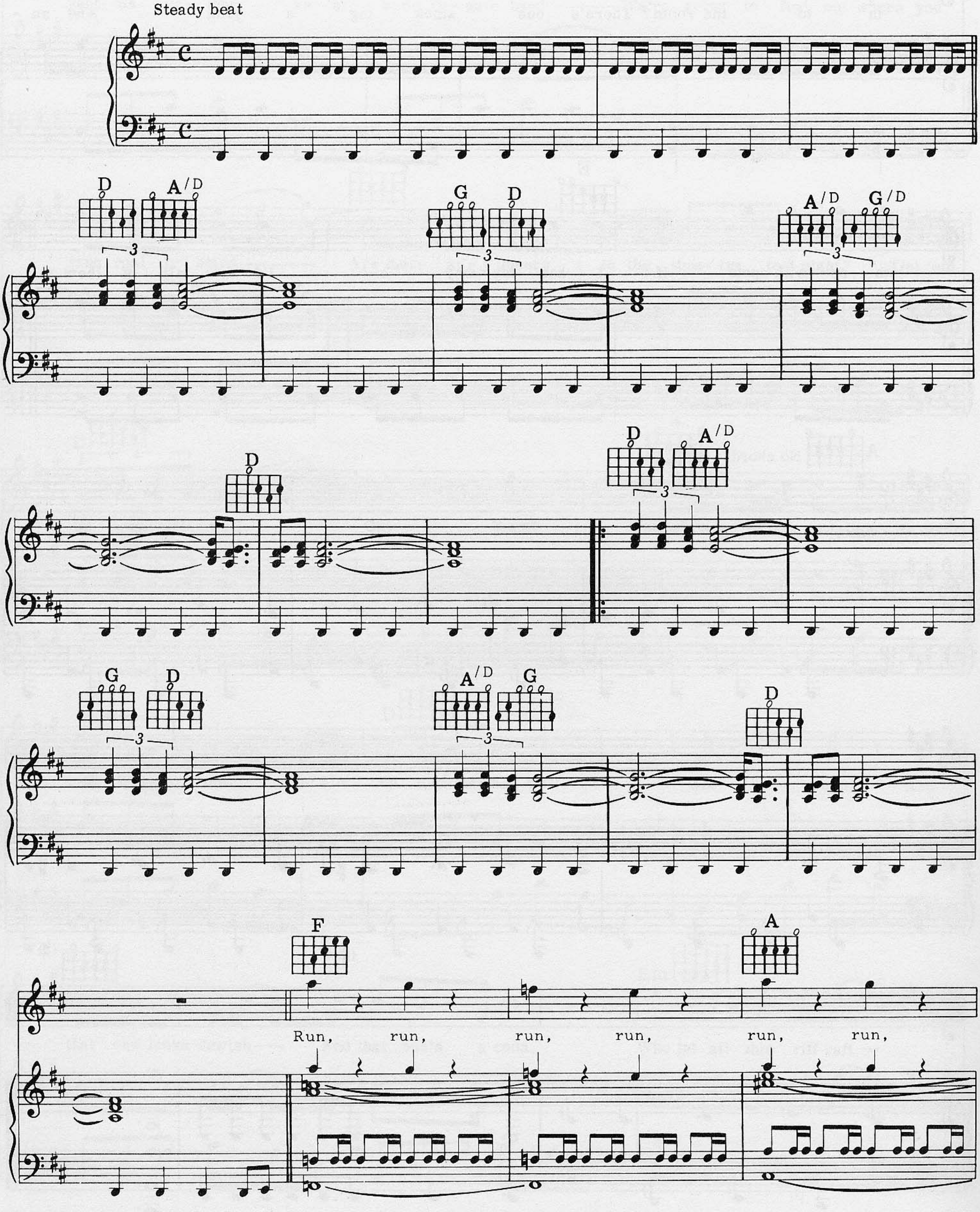

A
Bm
C♯m7
E
A
So ya Thought ya
Might like to
D
Go to the show.—
A
To feel the warm
thrill of con- fu- sion, That space ca- det glow.
D
A
I've got some bad
news for you, sun-shine.
Bm
Pink is- n't well.— He stayed back at the ho - tel And they've

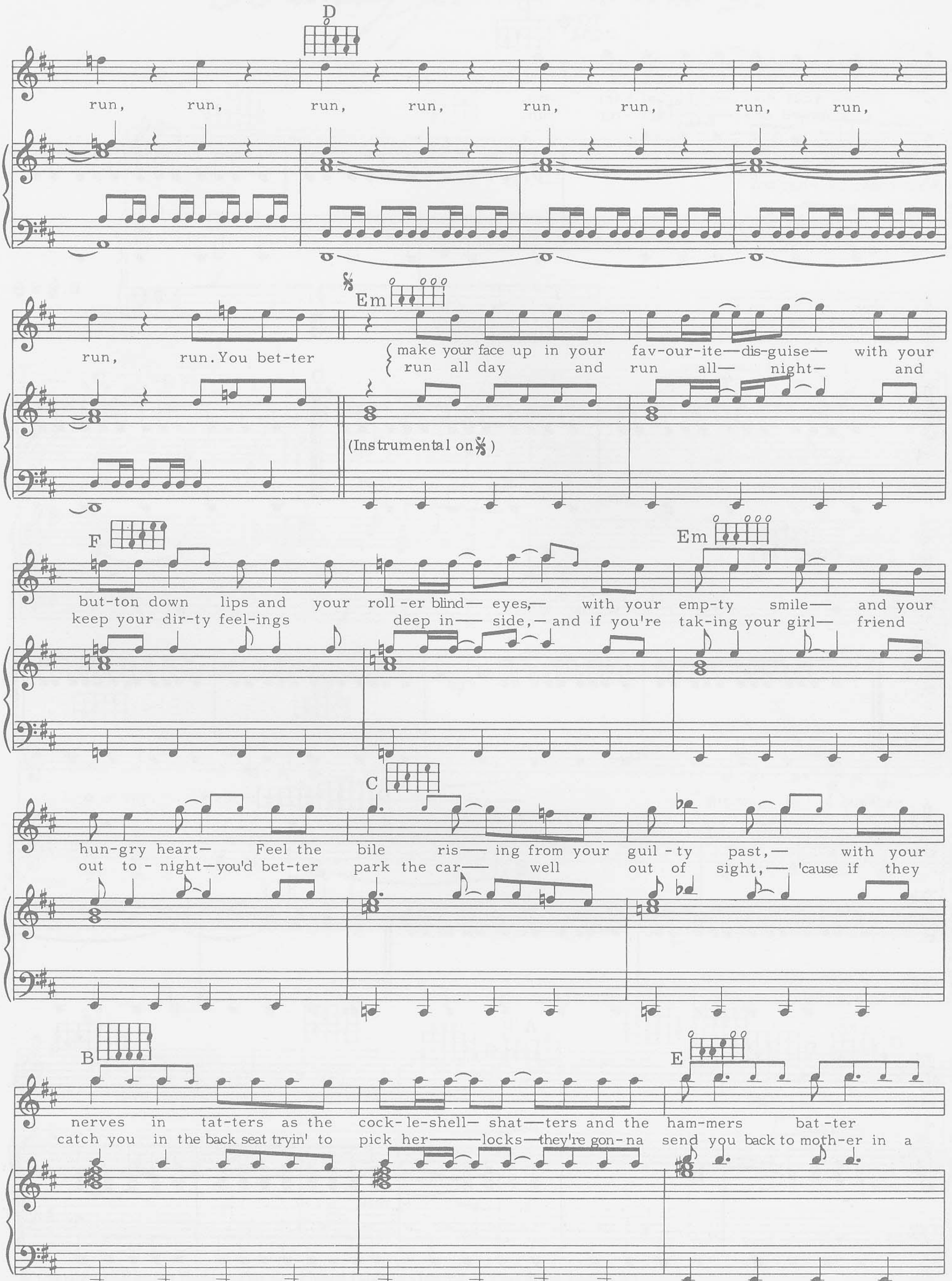

C♯m
E
sent us a - long as a sur - ro - gate band. — We're going to find out where you
A
fans real - ly stand. — Are there an - y queers in the thea - tre to - night? Get 'em
D
A
4
2
up a - gainst the wall. Get them! There's one in the spot - light He don't
D
look right to me. Get him up a - gainst the wall. Get them! And
A
Bm
that one looks Jewish — And that one's a coon. Who let all this riff raff —

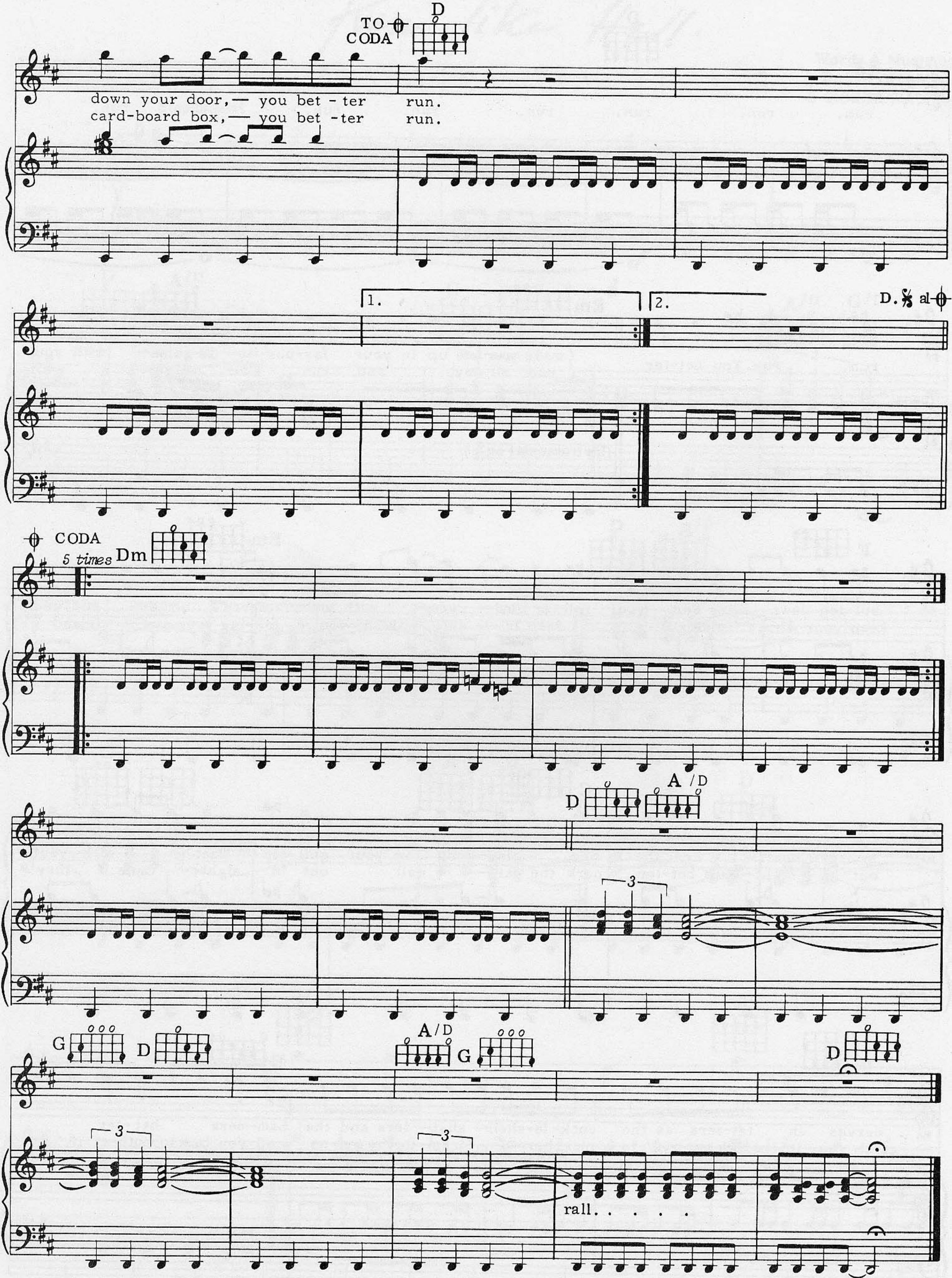

Bm6
Bm7
C♯m
in - to the room? There's one smok - ing a joint And an -
E
- oth - er with spots. If I had my way I'd have all of them
A
No chord
shot.
rall.

Run like Hell.

Words & Music by
DAVID GILMOUR
& ROGER WATERS

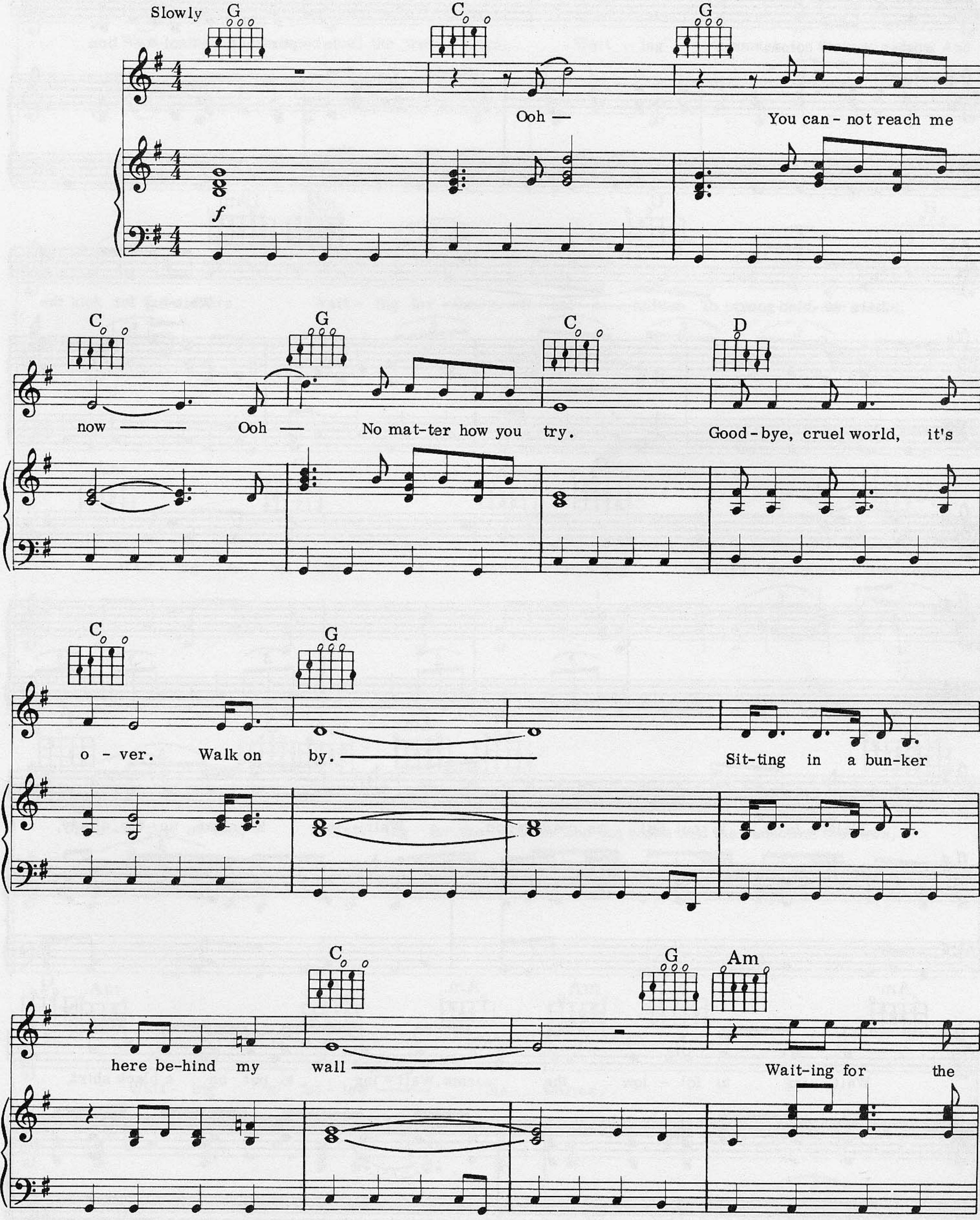

Steady beat
D
A/D
3
G
D
A/D
G/D
3
D
D
A/D
3
G
D
3
A/D
G
3
D
F
A
Run, run, run, run, run, run,


D
run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,
run, run. You bet-ter
Em
make your face up in your fav-our-ite—dis-guise— with your
run all day and run all— night— and
(Instrumental on 𝄋)
F
but-ton down lips and your roll-er blind— eyes,— with your
keep your dir-ty feel-ings deep in— side,— and if you're
Em
emp-ty smile— and your
tak-ing your girl— friend
C
hun-gry heart— Feel the bile ris— ing from your guil-ty past,— with your
out to-night—you'd bet-ter park the car— well out of sight,— 'cause if they
B
nerves in tat-ters as the cock-le-shell— shat—ters and the
catch you in the back seat tryin' to pick her——locks—they're gon-na
E
ham-mers bat-ter
send you back to moth-er in a


TO CODA
D
down your door, — you bet - ter run.
card-board box, — you bet - ter run.
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
CODA
5 times
Dm
D
A/D
G
D
A/D
G
rall. . . . .
D

Waiting for the Worms.

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Slowly
G
C
G
f
Ooh —
You can - not reach me
C
G
C
D
now —
Ooh —
No mat - ter how you try.
Good - bye, cruel world, it's
C
G
o - ver.
Walk on
by. —
Sit - ting in a bun - ker
C
G
Am
here be - hind my
wall —
Wait - ing for the

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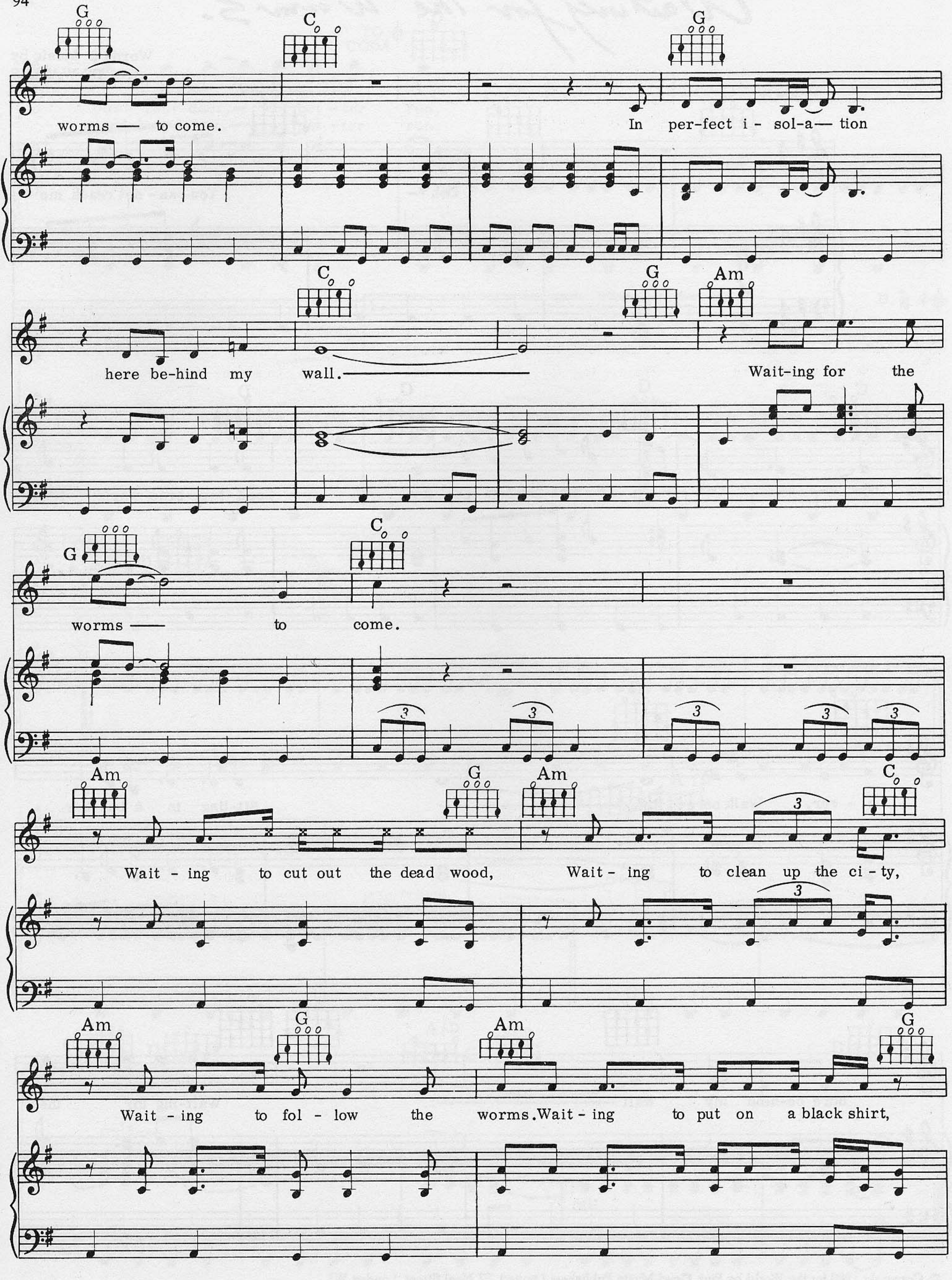
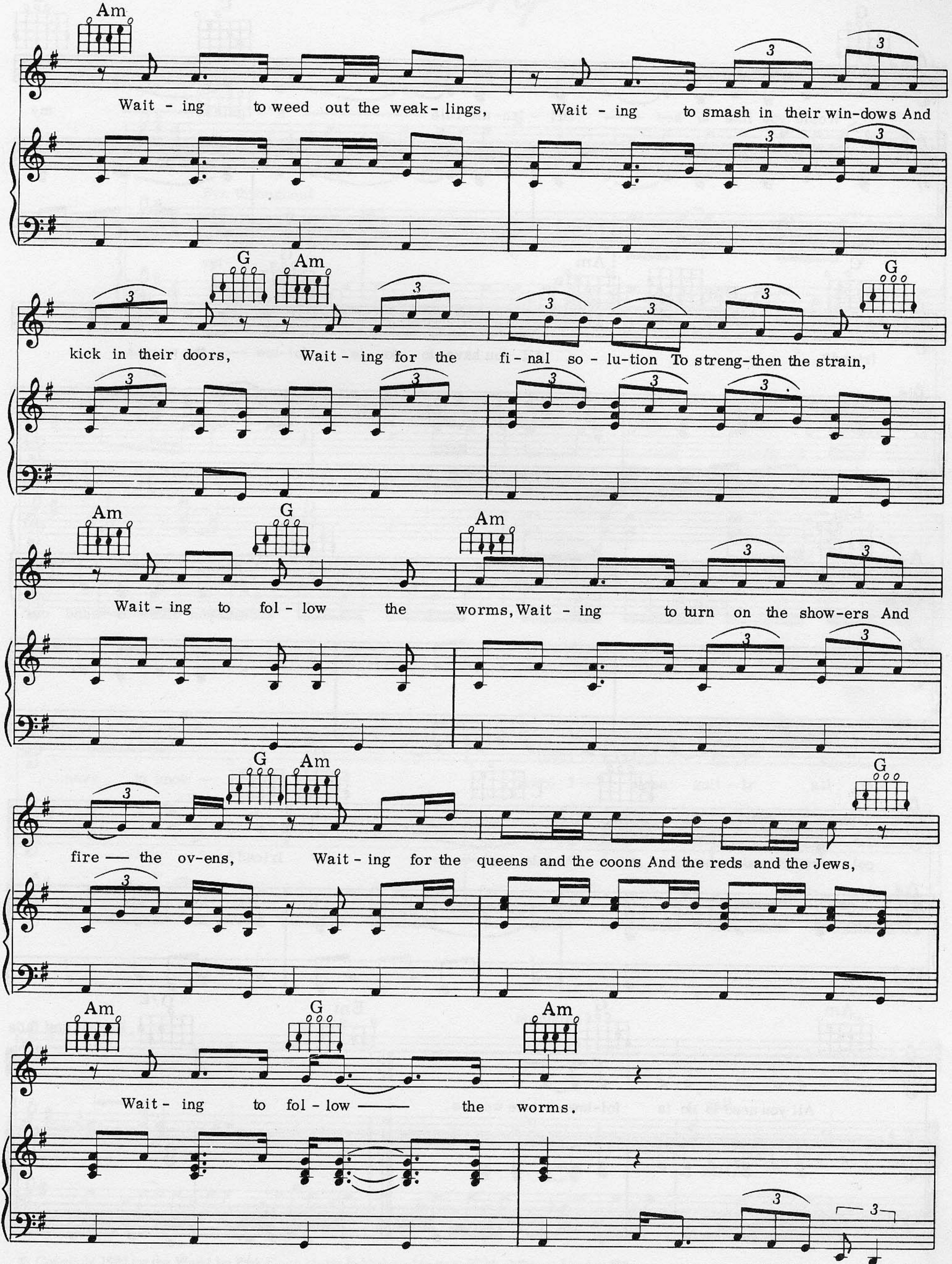
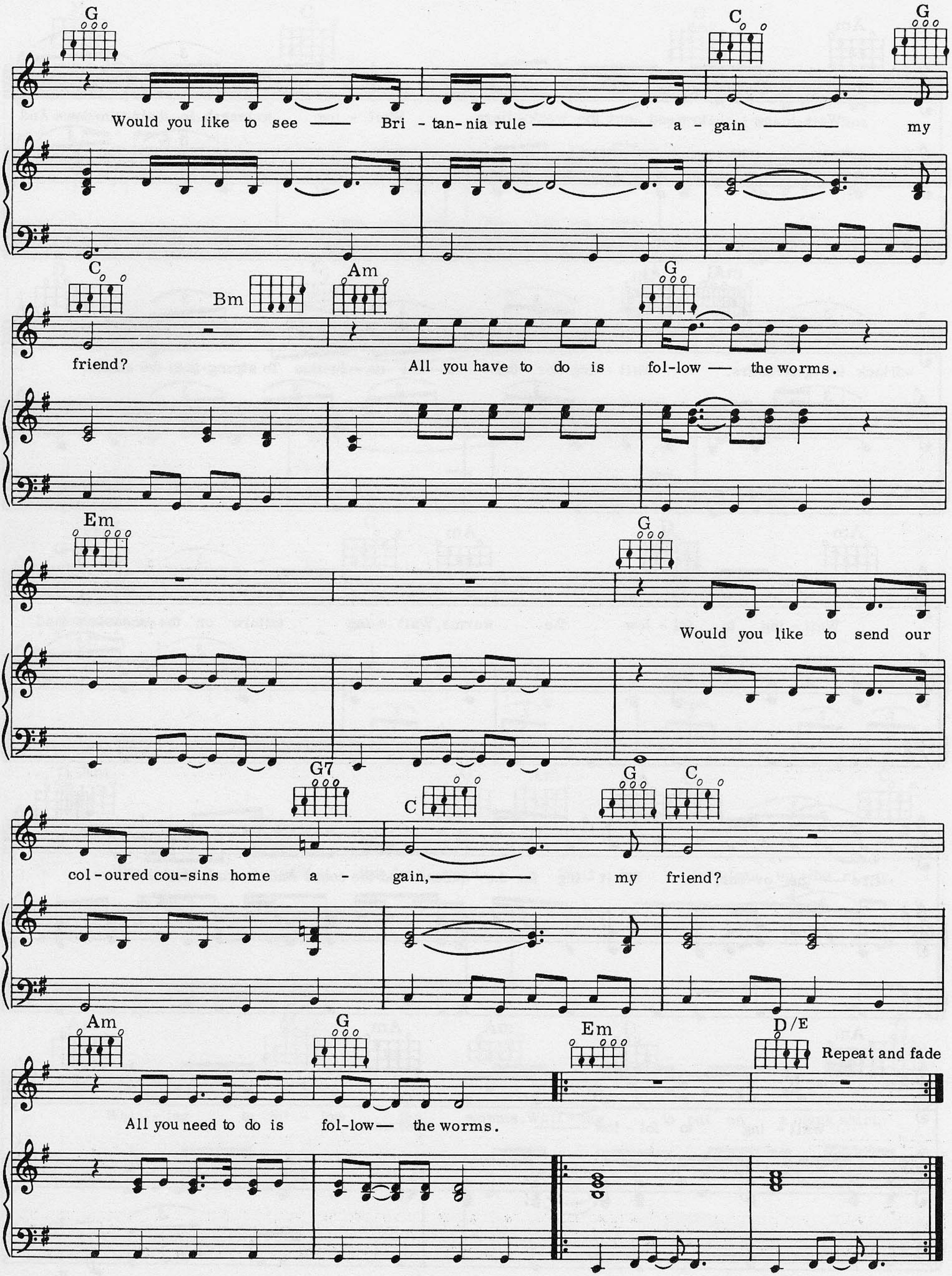
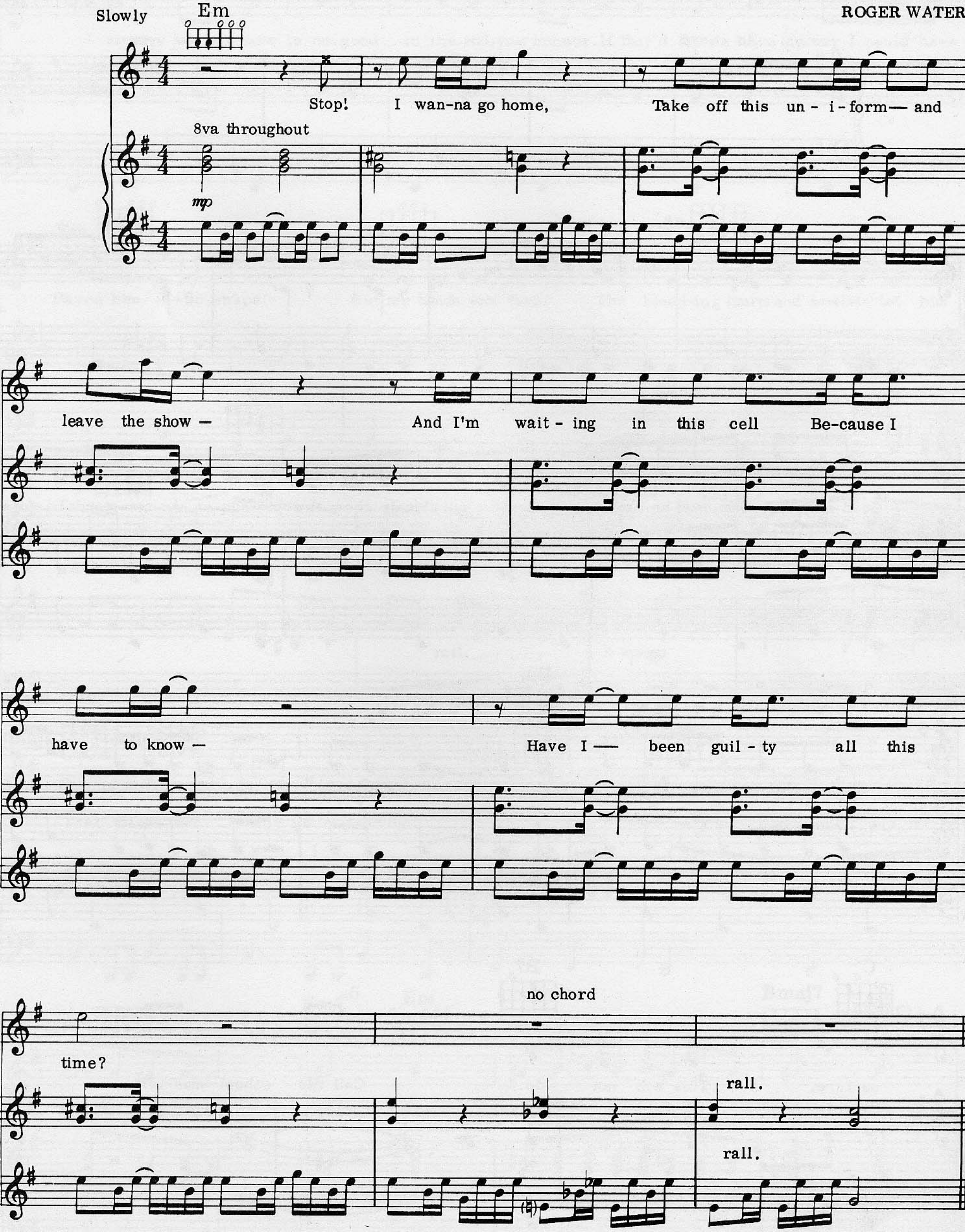

G
C
G
worms — to come.
In per-fect i-sol-a-tion
C
G
Am
here be-hind my wall.
Wait-ing for the
G
C
worms — to come.
Am
G
Am
C
Wait-ing to cut out the dead wood,
Wait-ing to clean up the ci-ty,
3
Am
G
Am
G
Wait-ing to fol-low the worms.
Wait-ing to put on a black shirt,


Am
Wait - ing to weed out the weak - lings, Wait - ing to smash in their win - dows And
G Am
kick in their doors, Wait - ing for the fi - nal so - lu - tion To streng - then the strain,
G
Am G Am
Wait - ing to fol - low the worms, Wait - ing to turn on the show - ers And
G Am
fire — the ov - ens, Wait - ing for the queens and the coons And the reds and the Jews,
G
Am G Am
Wait - ing to fol - low — the worms.
3


G
C
G
Would you like to see — Bri - tan - nia rule — a - gain — my
C
Bm
Am
G
friend? All you have to do is fol - low — the worms.
Em
G
Would you like to send our
G7
C
G
C
col - oured cou - sins home a - gain, — my friend?
Am
G
Em
D/E
Repeat and fade
All you need to do is fol - low — the worms.

Stop

Words & Music b
ROGER WATER


Slowly
Em
8va throughout
mp
Stop! I wan-na go home,
Take off this un-i-form— and
leave the show—
And I'm wait-ing in this cell
Be-cause I
have to know—
Have I— been guil-ty all this
time?
no chord
rall.
rall.

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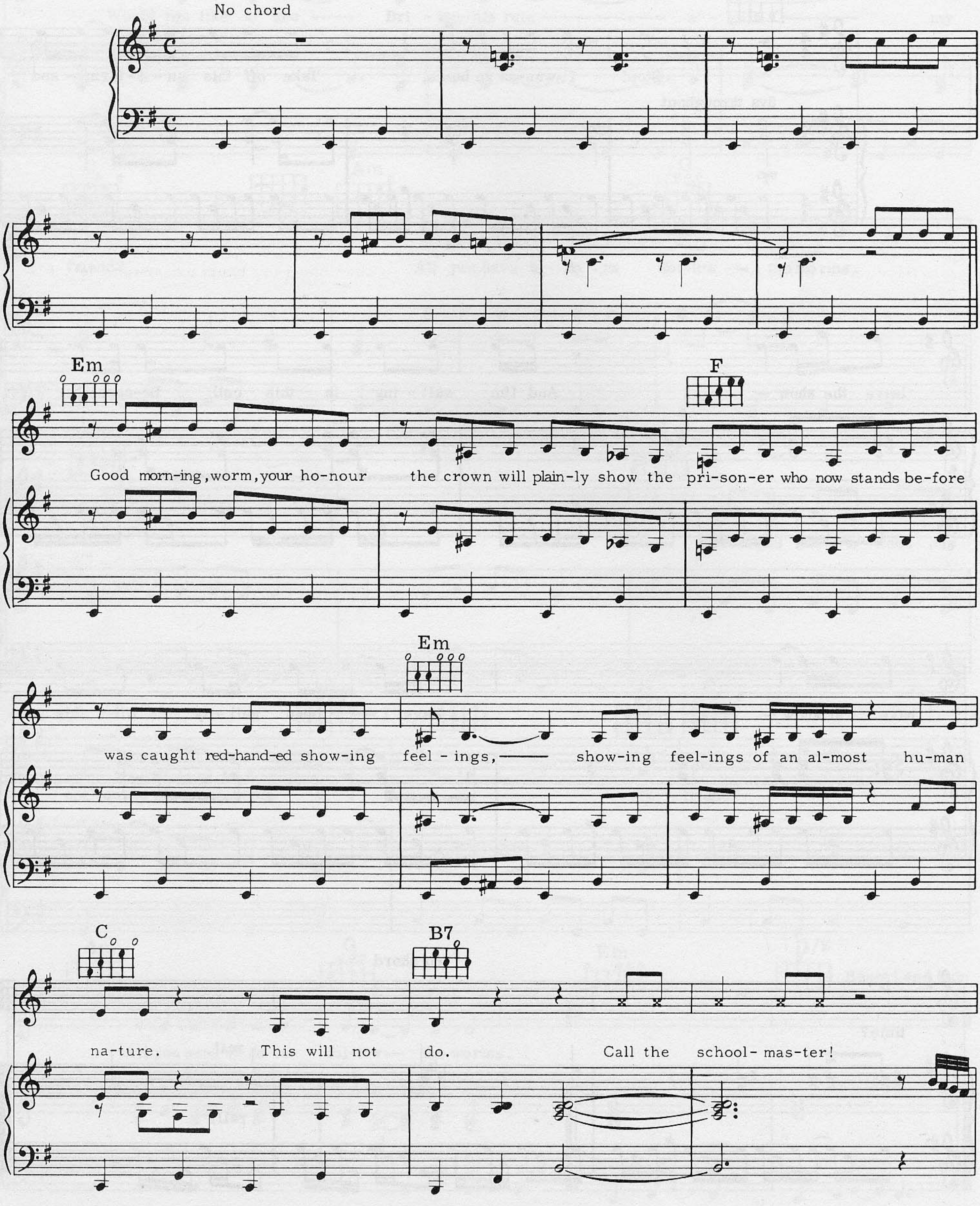
The Trial

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS
& BOB EZRIN


No chord
Em
F
Good morn-ing, worm, your ho-nour the crown will plain-ly show the pri-son-er who now stands be-fore
Em
was caught red-hand-ed show-ing feel - ings, show-ing feel-ings of an al-most hu-man
C
B7
na-ture. This will not do. Call the school- mas-ter!

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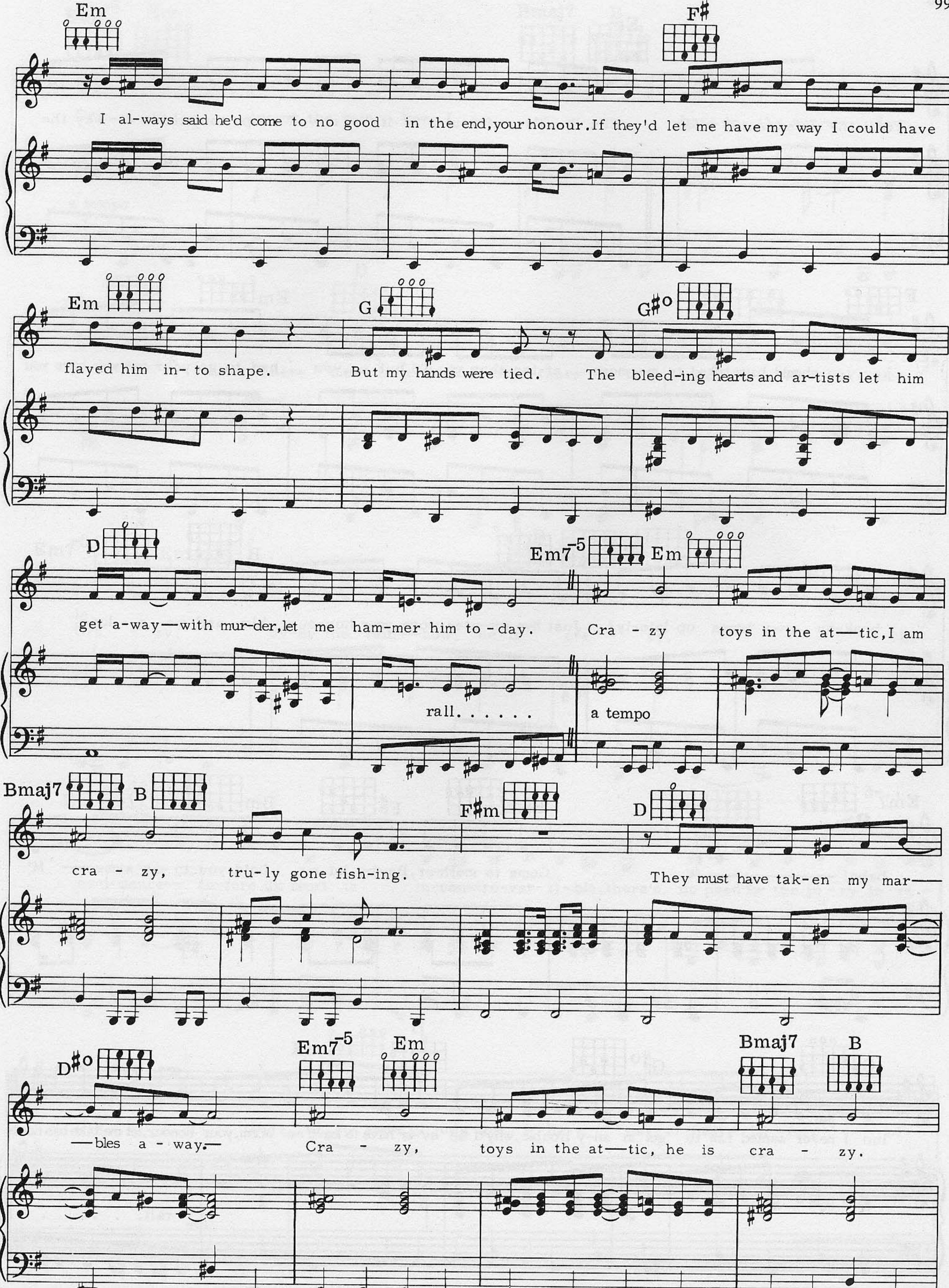
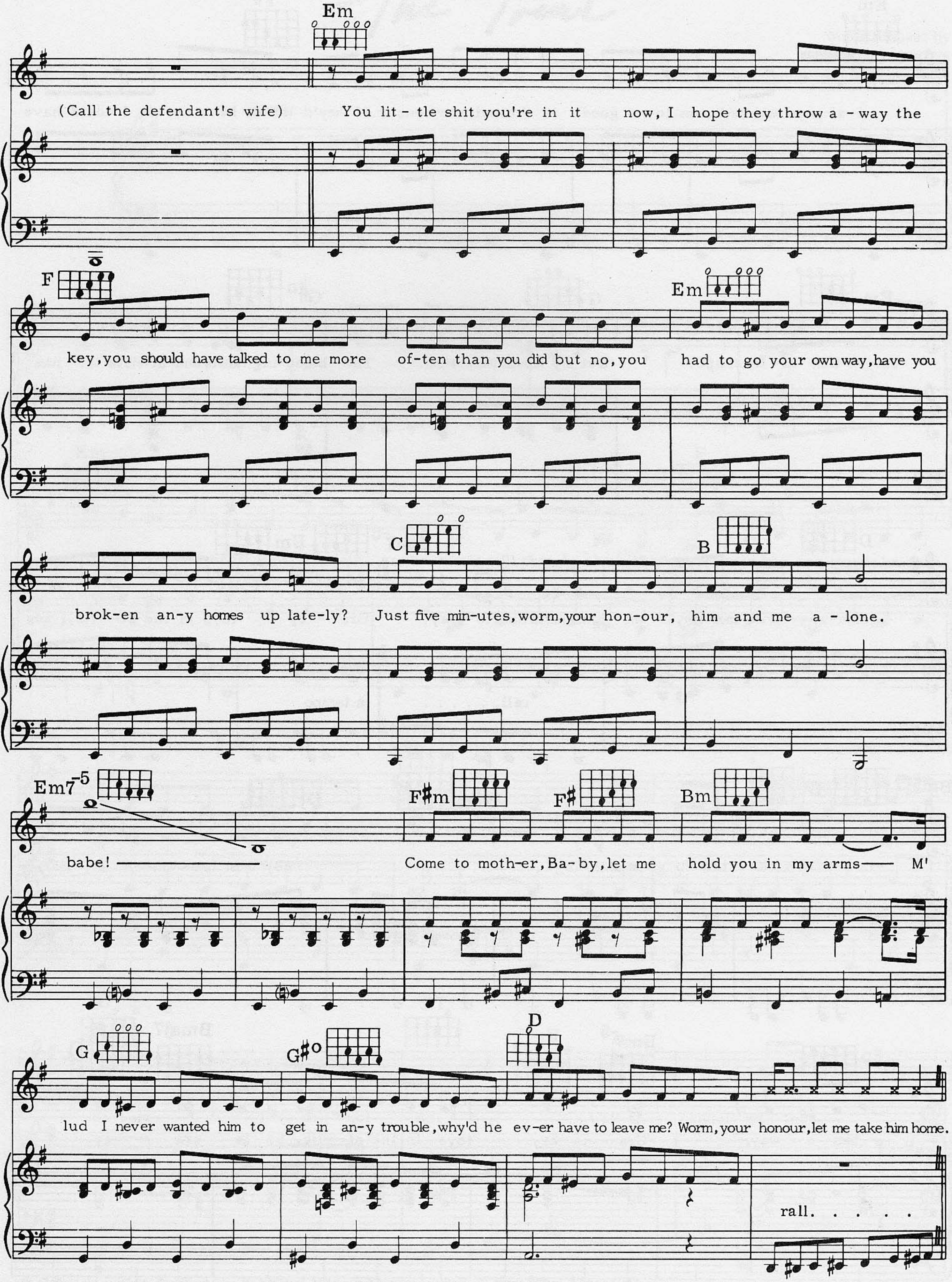
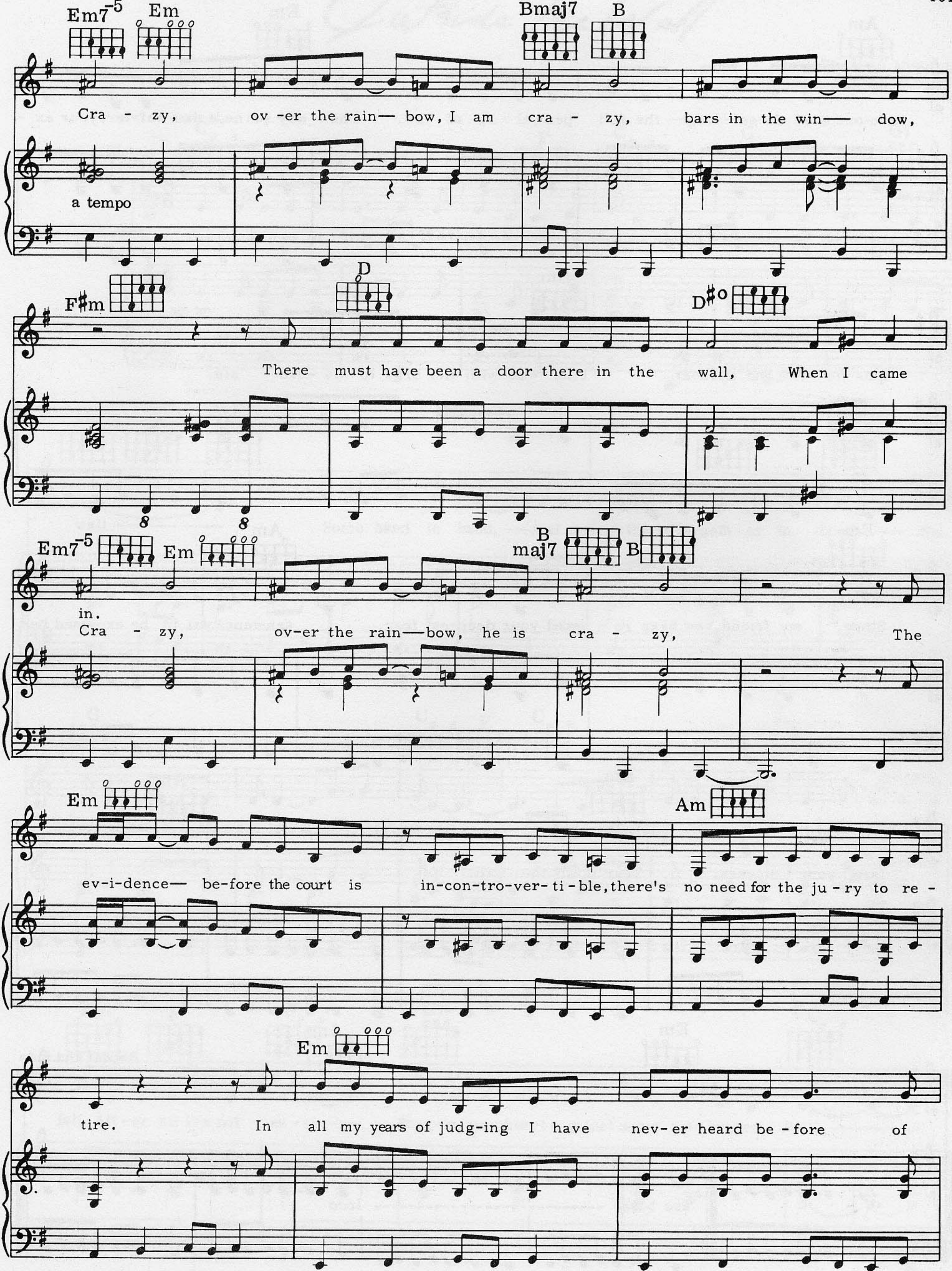
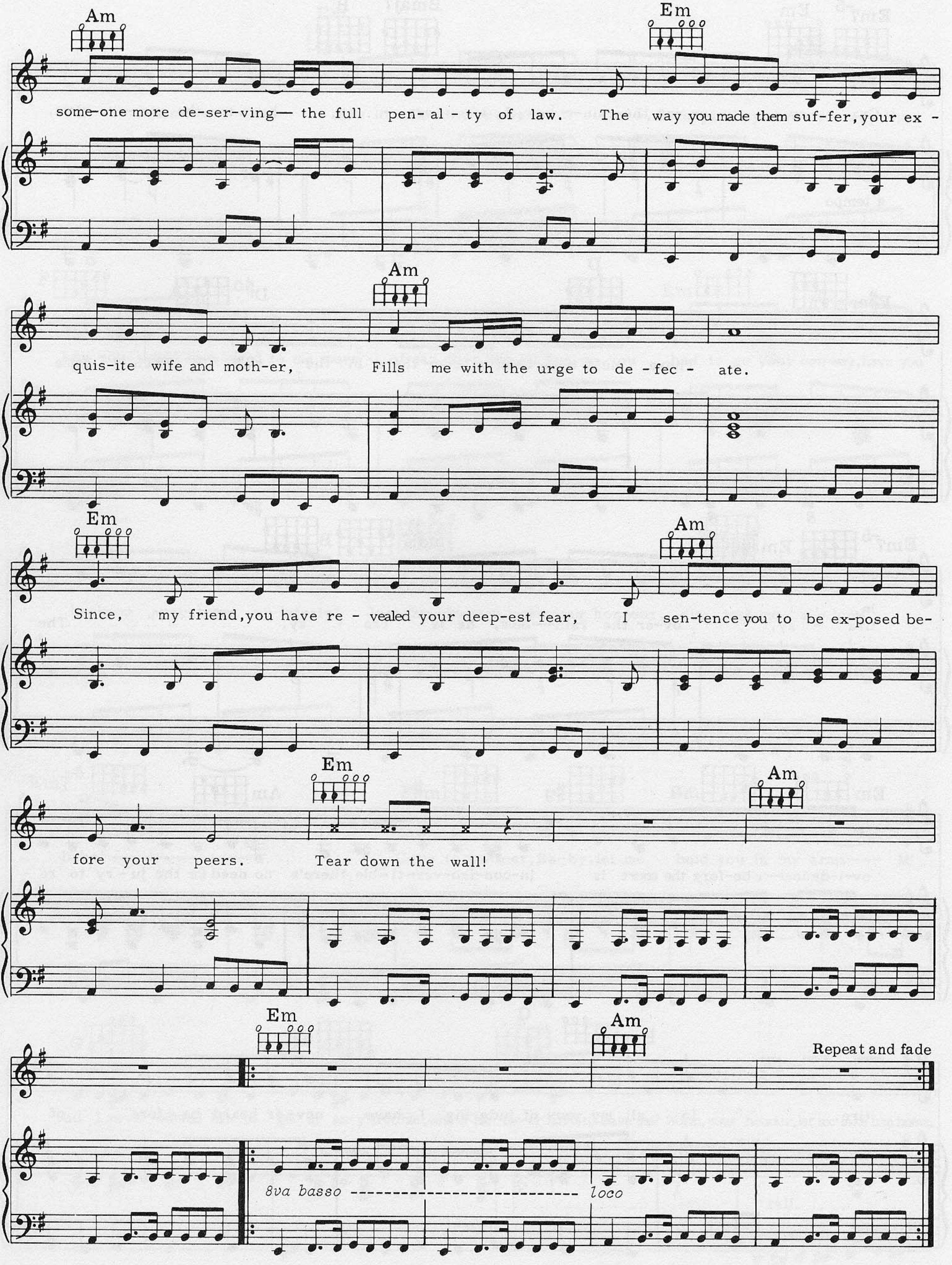

Em
F♯
I al-ways said he'd come to no good in the end, your honour. If they'd let me have my way I could have
Em
G
G♯o
flayed him in- to shape. But my hands were tied. The bleed-ing hearts and ar-tists let him
D
Em7-5
Em
get a-way—with mur-der, let me ham-mer him to-day. Cra - zy toys in the at—tic, I am
rall. . . . .
a tempo
Bmaj7
B
F♯m
D
cra - zy, tru-ly gone fish-ing. They must have tak-en my mar—
D♯o
Em7-5
Em
Bmaj7
B
—bles a - way.— Cra - zy, toys in the at—tic, he is cra - zy.

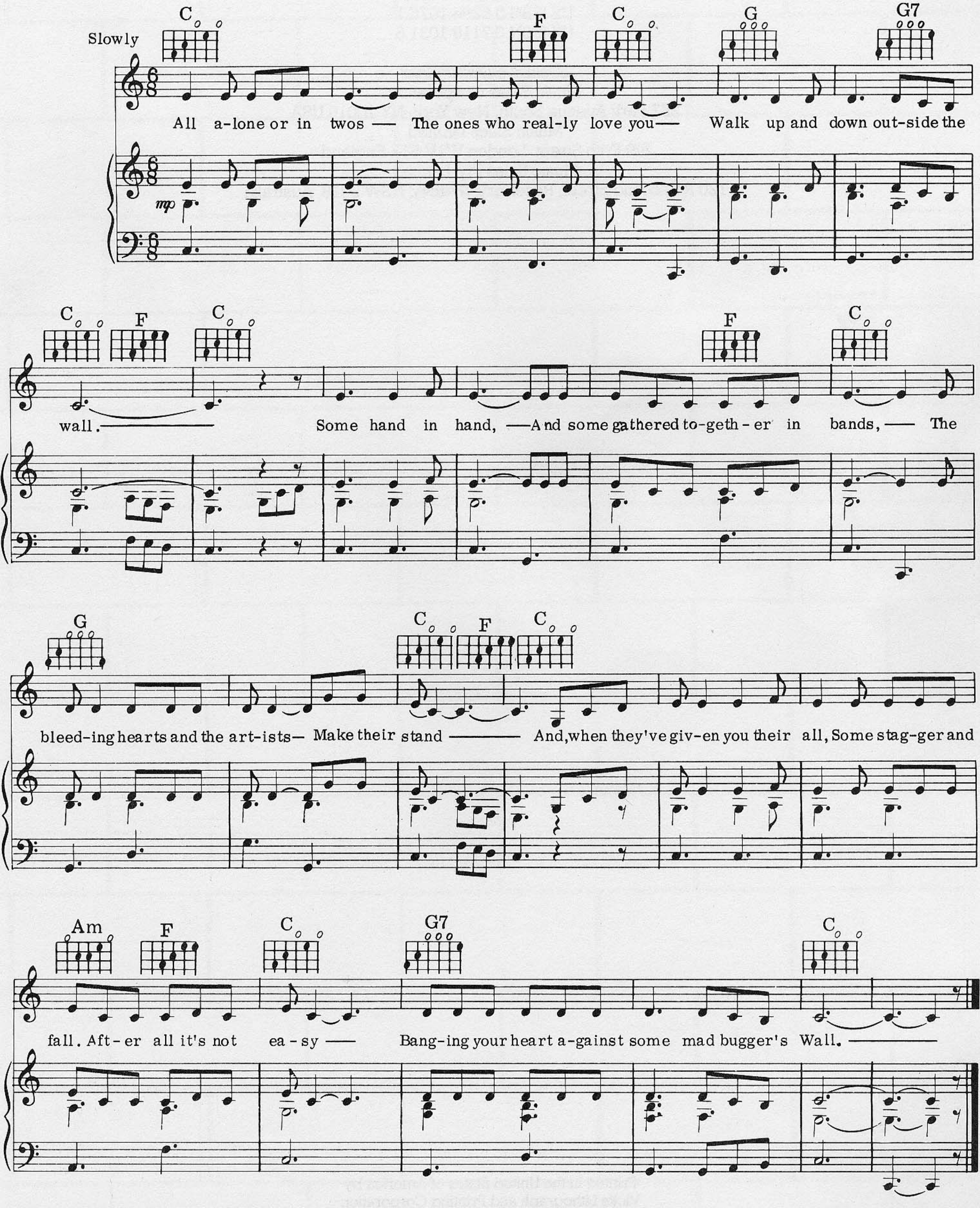

Em
(Call the defendant's wife) You lit-tle shit you're in it now, I hope they throw a-way the
F
key, you should have talked to me more of-ten than you did but no, you
Em
had to go your own way, have you
brok-en an-y homes up late-ly?
C
Just five min-utes, worm, your hon-our,
B
him and me a-lone.
Em7-5
babe!
F♯m
Come to moth-er, Ba-by, let me
F♯
Bm
hold you in my arms M'
G
lud I never wanted him to
G♯o
get in an-y trouble, why'd he
D
ev-er have to leave me? Worm, your honour, let me take him home.
rall. . . .


Em7-5
Em
Bmaj7
B
Cra - zy, ov-er the rain— bow, I am cra - zy, bars in the win— dow,
a tempo
F♯m
D
D♯o
There must have been a door there in the wall, When I came
8
8
Em7-5
Em
B maj7
B
in.
Cra - zy, ov-er the rain—bow, he is cra - zy, The
Em
Am
ev-i-dence— be-fore the court is in-con-tro-ver-ti-ble, there's no need for the ju-ry to re-
Em
tire. In all my years of judg-ing I have nev-er heard be-fore of


Am
some-one more de-ser-ving— the full pen-al-ty of law.
Em
The way you made them suf-fer, your ex-quis-ite wife and moth-er,
Am
Fills me with the urge to de-fec-ate.
Em
Since, my friend, you have re-vealed your deep-est fear,
Am
I sen-tence you to be ex-posed be-fore your peers.
Em
Tear down the wall!
Am
Em
8va basso
loco
Am
Repeat and fade

Outside the Wall

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS


Slowly
C F C G G7
mp
All a-lone or in twos — The ones who real-ly love you — Walk up and down out-side the
C F C F C
wall. Some hand in hand, — And some gathered to-geth-er in bands, — The
G C F C
bleed-ing hearts and the art-ists — Make their stand — And, when they've giv-en you their all, Some stag-ger and
Am F C G7 C
fall. Aft-er all it's not ea-sy — Bang-ing your heart a-gainst some mad bugger's Wall. —

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